A Divine Collection

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A Divine Collection

by Prince_Ofluff

Summary

A one shot collection that I will be updating periodically.

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Notes

Feel free to offer suggestions!

See the end of the work for more notes

Rise of the Guardians AU

It was dark.

Will became aware of that before he became aware of anything else.

Then came the sensation of fingers and toes.

Of the air in his lungs.

Of his lashes brushing his cheeks.

Of the scrape of his clothes against skin.

Of snowflakes landing on his parted lips.

When he opened his eyes the moon was so bright above him that it was almost blinding. He raised a hand to create a shadow over him and smiled as he observed the night sky for the first time.

He felt as though he were floating along a river through the universe. He felt everything and nothing all at once.

And then…he flew.

Hannibal watched the new spirit be born with mild interest. It had been some time since a new one had come along and to witness a birth in such a way was a truly novel experience. For a moment he flexed his shadows and wondered what would be more interesting. To observe this spirit from beginning to end? Or leave it to discover its own path.

Before he had much time to ponder the young man, nearly a boy, floated from the ground and leapt into the sky with a joyous laugh. Out here in the vast nothing of a mountain side the sounds seemed to reverberate against the snow and trees and sky until it settled deep within his bones.

He decided then to only observe. Besides if he were going to kill off a spirit there were many more that he could easily name and that were far more deserving of his time.

Will did not take easily to the other spirits. They came to him and introduced themselves but they moved on quickly enough. It didn't truly bother him all that much he would rather be on his mountain and listen to the snow fall than pretend to be interested in anything that they had to say.

Some were kind and gave him advice; some were bothersome and prying as they tried to ask about his past.

The most interesting conversation he had to date was with a fairy named Alana. Apparently every spirit started out as a human. Then through some deed or another or sometimes it was just a matter of fate they became of spirit that usually had something to do with the manner they died.

Will didn't worry too much about his past. After all if his powers had anything to do with his death then he could easily imagine that he was some foolish human who wandered too far and succumbed to the cold.

The cold didn't bother him anymore and with no memories of his past there was nothing more to ponder on.

There was one spirit that drew his curiosity. It was an old spirit. As old as the fear in men's hearts.

Hannibal.

Another spirit, Jack, had warned him that young spirits would do well to stay well away from him. He muttered all sorts of stories of sharp teeth and the strength that a dark spirit could gain from devouring one of his own kind. Apparently he had done it before and promised to do so again.

Despite himself Will wondered what another spirit might taste like. What that sort of power might do. And most importantly…had the other spirit deserved it?

Not everyone he spoke to had such dark things to say about the boogeyman. Margot was an interesting spirit that he saw from time to time. He had the impression that she would rather not talk about what she focused on and so he respected her silent wish. In return she cautioned him that all spirits were made for a reason. Before she left she whispered to him that one would have to be an incredibly powerful spirit to rely on fear rather than love or

devotion as some of the others did. Will had nodded at her words and watched as she faded into the distance.

It was some time before he met the famous ‘Pitch Black’ himself.

Will rarely left his mountain if he could at all help it. He had little longing to explore more of the world though having control over the North Wind certainly did help with that aspect when he was in the mood.

They in fact met not far from the spot where Will was born. He had come to do his rounds as he usually did and there was a shadow a shade longer and touch darker than the rest. He waited beside it for a moment looking at it curiously before asking “Hello?”

The shadow shifted for a moment and a tall from arose from within it.

An angled jaw, sharp cheekbones, maroon eyes and a figure draped in darkness. All the things that had been whispered to Will now stood before him in physical form and all he could do was stare in silence.

“That is rather rude.” Hannibal said softly though his tone held little reproach.

Will caught himself floating in air and realized he had been circling the other spirit without meaning too. He had been surprised when he rounded Hannibal’s back and saw that the man had long hair tied back into a neat tail. “Sorry…I don’t often have company.”

The older spirit tilted his head “Be that as it may….I believe it is only courteous to introduce yourself.”

Will floated back to where he was facing Hannibal head on and smiled “But you already know who I am.”

Again Hannibal seemed to consider him for a moment before the first trace of humor crossed his expression. “Indeed I do. Hello Will.”

“Hello Hannibal.”

Vampire Knight AU

Chapter Notes

Another little one shot! Please enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal remembered the day that Will had been born.

In a lifetime of loneliness his salvation had finally arrived.

The small babe had looked rather unimpressive as a young Hannibal looked on. However his father had put a reassuring hand on his shoulder and told him that while vampire children aged quickly to adulthood their youth would be everlasting as long as they took care with themselves.

Hannibal promised himself that Will would want for nothing and would soon reach maturity so that they could finally be together.

For the first few blissful years everything had gone as he had imagined. Vampires could sense the instant their soulmate was brought into the world and when Will had entered existence a peace Hannibal had been searching for his whole life seemed to envelope him and it felt like he was breathing sweet air for the first time.

As a child Will was curious and bold. A combination that Hannibal knew would test his patience to the very ends of the earth. There was little that the child feared and Hannibal found himself powerless to resist a quiet plea or a tug on his sleeve.

It did not take long for Will's gift to make itself known. He could read the emotions and minds of those around him as easily as he could look into their eyes. Once more he could manipulate it at will. However instead of delighting in his power Will rejected it at every turn. Often escaping to his room when it became overwhelming or burying his head into Hannibal's chest and pleading that his mate make the voices quiet.

Hannibal had the blood of the Elite coursing through it and control and power came to him easily. Now he found himself experiencing helplessness for the first time as Will begged him to do something that Hannibal had no ability to give.

He became fiercely protective of his mate. Will's parents who were not as high born as Hannibal bowed to his wishes as he ordered for Will to be secured in a remote estate and unbothered by the majority of their society that pressed to make good with their Royalty's mate.

Yet danger still found them.

Hannibal recalled the day so clearly it was forever burned into his memory palace though he had destroyed the room a thousand times.

The day that he had road over to the Graham estate and found the mansion in flames.

Hannibal's fingers had fallen numbly away from the reigns of his horse and he sped to the ruins of the once beautiful mansion. Will's parents were ash on the grass and he mourned what their deaths would do to his beloved even as he honored them for valiantly defending what was his.

He searched all of the grounds but he could not find a trace of Will.

His heart constricted in his chest and the taste of dust filled his mouth. Will was alive that much he was sure. He would know if Will had departed this world without him and Hannibal would have ensured to follow him after bringing down all who had dared act against them to the depths of hell.

Ten years Hannibal waited. Waited and searched for any sign of Will but it was as if he had vanished from the very earth. Instead he turned his focus to finding those who would make such a move against him and he found them in a rival family. The Dolarhyde's had been mortal enemies of the Lecter's for as long as vampire memory could serve. Their son Francis had control over fire and it was he who had set the Graham mansion a blaze while his parents killed Will's.

Hannibal found them and made them regret their insolence. For good measure he displayed their bodies for all to witness what it meant to cross a Lecter. Mischa had cautioned him that his rage could very well swallow the whole world with Will along in it and he learned temperance from her as he continued to look for Will.

Ten years later he finds him. In an orphanage. With no memory of his life as a vampire and his blood sealed away.

It seemed that Francis' mate Reba had not been as innocent as Hannibal had originally believed. His ache for Will had tempered him but once the state of Will had been revealed he knew who had been the cause and delivered his potent brand of justice to her door. She had

not followed her mate into the abyss and there was little honor left for Hannibal to destroy for her.

Most vampires were of the opinion that a life without their mate was not worth living. Dispatching her was seen as a duty not only for Will's sake.

Hannibal infiltrated the school under the guise of a guidance counselor and the first time Will found his way to his office Hannibal was beside himself to see if the memories he had lost would reemerge.

Instead without Hannibal to ground and protect Will from the strength of his gift Will had become bitter and fractured. With his true self locked away Will struggled through the world in a way he was never meant to experience it. His haunted gaze told him that his gift had become a curse in his absence and Hannibal's tongue thirsted for his blood in a way it never had before.

"I'm sorry Dr. Lecter I just don't find you very interesting." Will commented at the end of their first session.

Hannibal remembered then their first meeting when Will had met him for the first time.

"That's my mate? I don't think he's very impressive." Though even as a child Will couldn't resist the lure of his mate and had stepped closer to Hannibal with every word.

Hannibal grinned and gave the same answer he had given all those years ago.

"Don't worry, you will."

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!

Daredevil AU (Fisk!Hannibal/Wesley!Will)

Chapter Notes

I really loved this episode of Daredevil and couldn't resist remaking it! Hope you like it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal learned long ago that he couldn't be selfish.

He could be ambitious. He could be greedy. He could be ruthless. But sometimes for things that he wanted personally; he simply had to accept that there were certain things he couldn't change.

He had forgotten that with Will Graham.

At first he thought it would be convenient to have a disgraced FBI profiler in his crew. The man had nothing left to live for. His life was in shambles and his reputation was destroyed. Personally Hannibal thought that a little mental break should be expected now and then especially considering the work that Will was doing with that marvelous head of his. However despite all his work and years of service when he killed in cold blood the FBI turned their backs on him and cast him out.

After looking into a bit further Hannibal thought the world was a better place without the likes of Mason Verger around. That was what inspired him to seek out the broken man actually. He had his resources look into it and at the center of the scandal was a kernel of loyalty. Loyalty that Hannibal was determined to use for himself. Because Hannibal's sources told him that Will hadn't been the one to kill Mason but he would never say who did.

So he left his comfortable base in Hell's Kitchen and found himself outside the ramshackle shack of Mr. Graham and his seven dogs. The man himself looked to be on death's door. His face was gaunt, his eyes bloodshot and his breath permanently smelling of whiskey. It was enough to offend Hannibal's sensibilities but again he saw a glimmer of redemption in the well cared for dogs.

Mr. Graham was a man who threw his own life away as soon as he felt he was no longer useful. But he would keep his word and look after those who depended on him. That was all

Hannibal needed really.

Five years later Will was a glorious remaking of his former self. His form had filled out in trim muscle and his hair was full of healthy curls. His smile was sharp and his keen eyes were bright. He complained that Hannibal liked to dress him up too much in his fancy suits but he always relented as long as he could wear what he liked in their home.

Yes *their* home.

Will was always by his side. At his elbow and whispering into his ear. Always ready to watch for any warning sign of danger. He had saved Hannibal and Mischa's lives more than once with his observations and quick reactions. The first time Will had killed for them was when Hannibal realized he might have room in his heart for more than his beloved sister.

In the rise to power, in his political games, caught up in his ambitions Hannibal had forgotten that caring was not an advantage. He had grown complacent because before he would burn it all as long as Mischa was safe. Now for the first time he was realizing that he had two weaknesses and no way to guarantee either of them.

Familiar ice cold rage filled him when Mischa had collapsed at the party. He caught the scent of poison too late and Will was already off chasing the server who had delivered the drink. Hannibal put his skills as a former doctor to quick work. Determined to keep his baby sister alive even if he had to drag her back from death with his own bloody hands.

He had been *so close* to losing her.

In the hospital she received the finest care he could provide. He stroked the limp white blond hair from her forehead as he barked orders and sent every man he could to find who would dare cross him. He didn't care when information came back that the drink was intended for him. He didn't care that Mischa was never the target. He only cared that someone thought they could be so impertinent and that he wouldn't hang them bloody, beaten, and broken from the doors of his home as a warning to anyone else who thought they might be able to cross Hannibal Lecter.

Will was not an easy man to work with. He had his moods and he could be stubborn but most of the time Hannibal could see his logic and relented. Now blinded with rage they had their first actual fight.

"Hannibal you must keep some of the men here with you! There's no telling what they'll try now that they are desperate and scared! They know that you'll be out for blood and they could come in here guns blazing for all we know! We can follow the leads later when you and Mischa are more secure." Unlike his other men Will did not wilt in the face of Hannibal's fury but reflected it back. It was wrong of Hannibal to believe he was the only one shaken by Mischa's injury.

“I believe my orders were quite clear William. I want that lead hunted down *now*. Either do as I say or get out of my sight. I have no use for a dog that will not heel.” Hannibal’s tone was perfectly level as he kept his back to Will and his eyes on Mischa. Will had brought her Winston to keep her company and Hannibal had made sure to carefully place her small hand on his warm fur so that she would feel it when she woke.

Without a word Will had turned and left the room and Hannibal ruthlessly crushed down any feelings of regret. He his only focus remained on Mischa.

That had been his next mistake. He had sent Will *away*.

Hours later when Mischa woke she smiled at him and told him she would be alright. “I’m okay big brother. We will show them not to mess with us right?” She turned and nuzzled Winston who gave her sloppy kisses. Seeing how happy she was even weak and in pain made Hannibal’s heart twist uncomfortably in his chest. Now that he was no longer high on his anger he could see Will’s logic. He would of course have to apologize for his harsh words but Will had always forgiven him before.

There was a knock on the door and instantly Hannibal sensed something was amiss.

Firstly he had made it very clear that he was not to be disturbed with his sister.

Secondly the only one who would dare intrude was Will.

Thirdly…that was not Will’s knock.

He opened the door and glared down at one of his men “What is it?” His words were clipped and his hand yearned for a blade. He was being pushed too far and his carefully honed control was starting to slip.

“S-sorry for the interruption sir we only wanted to ask when you would like to relocate Miss Mischa back to your estate.” The man held onto his composure but only just.

Hannibal opened his mouth to respond when he realized that the hospital hallway was still filled with his men. Despite the fact that he owed Will an apology for his rude words earlier he had still expected his orders to be followed. “I believe Will was going to arrange that for me. Why don’t you get your orders from him? And is the lead on Mischa’s attack being followed?”

The man swallowed “That’s just it sir…Will ordered us to remain with you and Miss Mischa should there be a second attack. He took a gun and a car and was going to follow up on the lead himself.”

Hannibal’s hand wrapped around the man’s throat before his thought process was even finished forming. “What was that?” Will had gone out…*alone*? So soon after a personal attack?

He tightened his grip until the man's body was twitching before he threw him to the ground. "I believe I did not hear you correctly can you please repeat what you just said?"

The man took several deep breaths as he held his hand up to his bruised throat. "When Will left Miss Mischa's room…he ordered all of us to stay with you and be prepared for another attack. He received a phone call and then took a gun and a car saying he was going to follow up on the lead." There was a flash of an expression on his face that Hannibal caught in an instant.

He leveled his gun at the subordinate "He said something else didn't he?" The man was telling the truth but not all of it.

"What else did he say?" He clicked off the safety and waited.

Holding up his hands the man shook his head "H-he didn't say anything to us! He just said something to himself was all! I didn't even hear all of it!"

Hannibal took one step forward and pressed the cold nozzle to the man's forehead "What… did he say?"

"He-He said…He said…He was just a dog after all."

The shot rang out in the hospital floor and Hannibal hoped that the noise didn't disrupt his sister.

Hannibal didn't speak a word as the search for Will took place. The it was hard to retrace his lead without knowing who called him but Katz was one of his best information gatherers and within an hour she had an idea of where Will might have gone. "Just try not to kill any more of us until he's found okay boss?" She grinned at him and he reminded himself that she had earned the right to be flippant with him.

Finally he got the call.

"We found him boss. You might want to bring your med kit. He's in bad shape." Zeller's voice was soft and that was when Hannibal felt the beginnings of unease.

He had forgotten that while he could be many things. While he held power and control tightly in his grasp. He had forgotten that some things no matter how carefully you handle them might break beneath your fingertips.

They found him in an abandoned warehouse. It was clear that he had been meeting someone. It was also clear that something had not gone according to plan.

He entered and saw Will propped in the chair. Blood soaked his white shirt and Hannibal remembered him fussing that morning when he had insisted he wear it. *"Really Hannibal? **White**? Do you know how fast this will get dirty?"*

The crimson stain was spreading. The gunshot was still fresh then and he was coughing as blood dripped down his moth. His eyes were closed as Zeller desperately tried to keep pressure on the wound. "Come on Graham! He'll kill us all if you die."

Price was standing to the side watching and he looked up when Hannibal entered. "Brian."

Zeller stepped to the side as Hannibal knelt next to Will and quickly dispatched his suit jacket and rolled up his sleeves. He lowered Will to the ground using his jacket to cushion him. He said nothing as he prepped his kit and began earnestly working on the wound. His gaze was so focused on blood and torn flesh that he didn't realize Will had opened his eyes until a bloody hand touched his cheek.

"I found them…I…found out who hurt Mischa." Will's voice was weak and his words were choked with pain. But his eyes were filled with determination.

Hannibal didn't hesitate as he removed the bullet and began checking the wound for damage before stitching him up. It would have to do for now until Will was moved to the hospital. He would make sure his room was right next to Mischa's.

"Hannibal…" Will's voice was soft but pleading.

Finally Hannibal turned and looked at him. His breathing was growing shallow and this throat began to click as he started to choke on his blood.

Tenderly Hannibal lifted him up and held his head to his chest so that he could breathe easier. He placed a kiss to Will's brow and held him tightly until the hospital transport arrived.

Will passed out from pain and blood loss but Hannibal kept his hold on him tight as they took him to the hospital. He would bathe the city in the blood of those who had hurt what was his.

For Hannibal had made a mistake and allowed himself to be selfish. He had allowed two weaknesses when he should have had none.

Yes he had been selfish and foolish.

But it was already too late. He would keep both of them; he would hold them as tightly as he could even if bones were crushed under his grip, even if beloved flesh bruised from his protection. Even if love turned to hate. Even if he shattered everything he gained.

They were both *his*.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!

Creature AU (Body Swap)

Chapter Notes

> Another little inspiration! In this Universe there are creatures and they are for the most part known and held accountable for any crimes they commit. I hope you like it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Franklyn was going to die in a rather spectacular way if Will had any say in it.

And as a matter of fact he would.

It started about a week ago when Will had come to Hannibal's office in order to have their own private appointment. Will knew all about Hannibal's activities as the Ripper but there was little enough left of his morals to care. Besides the way he saw it the people Hannibal removed were not the sort of people society would miss as a whole. They were currently negotiating Will's involvement but Hannibal seemed to make peace with the fact that Will saw the monster beneath his suit and deigned to kiss it anyways.

Franklyn was just leaving his own appointment and he heard the other door open and close and the sound of muffled voices. He frowned, it was kind of Doctor Lecter to have a separate exit so that his patients could have their privacy but he assumed that by now the doctor would realize they were so much more than simply patient and therapist. He had also thought he secured the last appointment on the doctor's books so that if there was an opening to invite Doctor Lecter to dinner there would be no reason standing in his way.

Curiosity got the best of him and he wound himself around to the other entrance and pushed his ear against the door and listened as hard as he could. Everything of course was muffled but there was a moment when Doctor Lecter said the name so loud that Franklyn was almost alarmed. The voices soon muffled and Franklyn hurried on his way before his eavesdropping could be revealed. He would have to find out more about this 'Will'.

It has taken several weeks of funding a private investigator and two different opera performances for Franklyn to discover the entirety of Will Graham. He couldn't believe that as much as his doctor was insisting that he and Franklyn remain only a professional relationship that he deemed someone like Mr. Graham to be worthy of his time outside of the

practice. The man was obviously shabby and unkempt and there was so much more that Franklyn had in common. He could admit that Mr. Graham had some sort of beauty to him if one looked hard enough and if perhaps the man in question could be bothered to polish himself up a bit. It was then that the thought occurred to Franklyn that perhaps that was what was blinding Doctor Lecter. Franklyn was aware enough to admit he did not fit into most people's standards of beauty although he was of the opinion that his mind was a fine enough feature for people to overlook such 'shortcomings.' Perhaps if he was more appealing like Mr. Graham then Doctor Lecter would see how perfectly matched they could be. This is when a second though occurred to Franklyn.

His mind in Will Graham's appealing body would make a combination that Doctor Lecter would be unable to refuse. So he gathered his funds and began looking for a witch willing to take on the job.

When Will's consciousness woke up in a glass bottle on an old woman's shelf he mentally sighed. Which in his current state was much like sighing all around him. 'You don't know what you've done' he tried to tell the witch. But she made no motion of hearing him and his white form swirled in annoyed circles around the glass. Hannibal was not going to like this.

When Franklyn woke up in Will Graham's body the first thing he noticed was the warm arm slung across his ships. He blushed as he realized how *physical* the relationship between Doctor Lecter and Will Graham was and he was relieved that there was no mental connection. It seemed fitting that the Doctor would slake his lust with a beautiful form but now Franklyn could provide the perfect companion.

He got up and snuck into the bathroom where he decided he would start his makeover immediately. He shaved and gelled the unruly hair before he went the closet and tried to deduce which clothes would be his, he had to remind himself he had a different shape now. He decided to simply go with the best options that looked like they would fit and then he ventured downstairs. Sometime in the duration of all of this Doctor Lecter appeared to have gotten up from the bed and gone down to prepare coffee and breakfast if Franklyn could guess from the delicious smells wafting up from the downstairs. What a sweet man.

Hannibal idly wondered which killer had made themselves at home in Will's mind. He could tell the moment that William had gotten up this morning that something with him was not right. Firstly Will would sleep until risen if he had finally managed to sleep well. Secondly he had gone straight to the shower which was another unusual choice but when he left he hadn't realized that Hannibal was awake and he was shaved and gelled his hair which he would normally only do for Opera and only after Hannibal had sufficiently bribed him.

As Hannibal gripped the knife and prepared breakfast he thought of which killer might have slipped past Will's defenses. They were nearly perfect but not impenetrable.

“Good morning Mongoose how would you like your eggs?” The endearment and question were both a test but said innocently enough to fool anyone but his Will.

Mongoose? That was a strange nickname but he supposed that Will before his makeover was feral looking enough to warrant it. Maybe overtime he could encourage a change. “I don’t look much like a mongoose this morning do I?” He smiled and then considered the question “Poached if you don’t mind. I find it’s the perfect way to prepare an egg though sadly not many people can do it correctly.”

Hannibal paused and considered the response. It did not match any of the killers that he knew Will to be working with recently but there was something about the cadence and words choice that seemed familiar. Something about the way he had spoken of the eggs… it was both insufferable and said in a way that spoke of someone trying to appear more sophisticated than they actually were. So the question was…who was it?

Breakfast was a quiet affair but Franklyn was enjoying himself immensely. He wondered if Doctor Lecter already knew Will’s middle name and if not perhaps he could convince him it was Franklyn. He still had access to all his money he supposed if the Doctor asked than he could say he simply came into an inheritance. It would also help him if he wanted to change Will’s lifestyle if a family member passed away and then he started to act differently it would provide the perfect excuse.

Hannibal decided to have one last test. He was starting to believe that it was not a simple thing as a killer’s pathology overwhelming Will. He was beginning to suspect something else but he wanted to be sure. “William, you said last evening that you needed to return home today to feed your dogs. How many do you have now?”

Franklyn mentally cursed. In his researching of Will he had found out that the man had an outlandish number of dogs. As fond as Franklyn was of animals he was going to have to reduce that number for certain. The private investigator had told him but he hadn’t thought it to be important at the time. “Oh a few or so…I was starting to think that I have too many to take care of properly. Do you know any good homes looking for a dog? Perhaps the animal shelter will do…”

Franklyn didn’t get to finish speaking as while he spoke Doctor Lecter had risen from his seat and crossed over to Franklyn so fast he could hardly comprehend it until a knife was at his throat.

“You have played this game long enough. Tell me who you are and where my William is. I would prefer not to harm his body but I assume that you cannot tolerate pain as well as he can so I will not have to do much damage. Where. Is. *William*?”

Will was wondering how much longer he would have to find ways to amuse himself in a glass jar when the door to the witch’s shop burst open. She gave a scream as Will’s body was pushed through and a furious Wendigo appeared behind him. Hannibal wasn’t even trying to conceal his form his horns were black and on full display and his skin was swirling with ink

as his human suit frayed at the seams. “You will be returning my mate to me at once or I will paint the floor with your blood and make you do it anyways.”

The witch found this to be agreeable and quickly undid the spell. As Will came to awareness in his own body he smiled and cupped Hannibal’s cheek “Do no harm to her she was only providing a service that she was paid for. Besides being bored for the morning I came to no harm at her hands.”

From the way Hannibal huffed Will assumed that meant he did not agree with the assessment of ‘no harm’. Will was able to distract him from this train of thought as he ran his hand over his smooth face and frowned “However there is someone that I think we should pay a visit too.” His smile was sharp and he was thinking that perhaps occasionally assisting his mate with his meals would be agreeable.

After all now he had to grow back his beard and it was going to take forever to wash the gel out of his hair.

Hannibal smiled in response and as he turned to leave swiped a business card from the witch’s counter.

Just in case.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!

Selkie Hannibal Human Will

Chapter Notes

Inspired by a short post I saw on tumblr (I apologize for not finding the link to the original post) Something short and sweet to get my writing juices going!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He was not the type of person to impose himself on others.

Will barely wanted to come into the coffee shop in the first place. Alana had been insistent and really Will had put her off for long enough and he knew when it was time to cave in.

So he went into the coffee shop and braced himself for an interaction with the public when he saw it. It was a coat left on the floor. It was a nice dark charcoal color that shimmered faintly silver or light blue in the sun.

Will found himself pausing almost against his will to bend over and pick it up. It was if someone else was controlling his body and he was stunned when he felt the soft material against his fingertips. It felt as though it had heat of its own but Will told himself that it must have been from sitting in the sun.

When he was able to look away from the coat he realized it must have fallen off the coat rack nearby. Realizing that he had kept Alana waiting long enough he put it back hanging on the rack and tapped the person sitting near it on the shoulder. “Sorry you seemed to have dropped your jacket.”

Absently Will noticed the man’s striking features and the broad set of his shoulders. They were the main reason that Will assumed the jacket was his as the other coats on there were all too small or feminine to belong to anyone else in the shop. The man’s clothing also seemed to match the fineness of the coat and while the prints were a little much for Will personally he would concede that the gentleman pulled them off quite well.

The man stared at him in confusion for a moment before he noticed that will was pointing at the coat rack. It was a heavy outer coat and Will assumed he had been wearing it for the turbulent spring weather. The mornings would shine bright and hopeful but there was never knowing when a sudden cloud burst would bring the memoires of winter back. Will gave him

a hesitant nod before turning and hurrying to Alana who had watched the entire interaction with a particular look on her face and raised brows.

He gave her a look and they turned their attention to coffee. He sighed as she teased him saying that he should have asked the handsome man for his number. Will reminded her that he had only done what was polite and that he would be very grateful if his so called 'friend' would stop trying to match him up with random people.

With his focus now on Alana and navigating the coffee shop which was slowly filling up he missed the look of interest the man gave him or the way that his head was tilted as though he was listening to their entire conversation. His own table partner merely looked amused as she shook her regal head.

It was a few days later when one of those sudden bursts came and Will was cursing himself for bringing only a light jacket with him. He had thought he could make it to the classroom without his umbrella which was in the car. He wondered if it was even worth going back at this point but there was not much else for it. If he didn't want to show up to class dripping wet at least.

He turned and found himself face to face with the man from the coffee shop. For a moment the rain didn't seem to matter and Will realized he was wearing the coat and it seemed to come alive under the drops of rain. The silver blue shade seemed to almost glow and Will found himself studying the faint pattern that he could see emerging.

He realized that he had been staring and he took a step back "I'm sorry…" He wondered what on earth he could say and then he realized that he didn't even know the man's name. "Funny running into you again. I'm Will Graham and I was just about to return to my car for my umbrella. Sorry for the other day I should have asked before touching your coat."

For some reason this seemed to please the man immensely. He smiled and held out his hand to shake Will's "The pleasure is all mine. I count myself fortunate to run into you again. My name is Hannibal Lecter and by returning my coat I now owe you a great debt. I believe the only way that I can properly settle it is by allowing you to take me as your husband."

Will's eyes widened and his lips parted to give some sort of response but at the sincerity the man was projecting and the fact that out of all the things he expected the man *Hannibal* to say that was certainly not one of them. So all he could find in himself to say was "What?"

Hannibal only smiled in response and wrapped his arm around Will as he guided him towards the building the umbrella and his class long forgotten.

Alana was never going to let him live this down.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!

Dragon Rider AU

Chapter Notes

> Something that came to mind and I needed it to break up my writers block. Hope you like it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal watched the horizon as the sun slowly began to set. It gilded the mountains with gold and the twilight closed in. Half the sky was dimming day and the other half was darkening night. It was later than he usually let Will fly but it had been a long day of travel and he had wanted to reward him for settling for the journey.

Before long there was the sound of large wings on the wind and then with a sudden gust Will landed before him. In his large form he was as big as an open field. In his smaller form that was their preferred method when they were on the road he could curl around Hannibal's neck and tended to drape himself along his shoulders.

Most dragon riders would simply ride their mounts from one place to the next. However Hannibal enjoyed a more subtle approach and Will did not like being treated the same as a horse. There were areas where dragons were revered as Gods and their riders treated like the holiest of monks. Then there were those that saw them as a way to make a profit and saw their riders as little more than obstacles. Never knowing who you might run into the road they valued discretion.

Will snorted at Hannibal no doubt he had felt his growing concern as the night had closed in. Will's form was midnight black and he would vanish like liquid smoke against the vast sky. Only the absence of stars would tell Hannibal his location, it was an unnessicary worry and one that Will knew better than to take it personally.

Shimmering into his human form Will smiled at Hannibal. His form was littered with scars, some put there by Hannibal himself when they were first coming to an understanding. There were a few that marred his beautiful face, close calls from other dragon riders and their companions. Will was always victorious.

"You cut it very close William." There were times when Hannibal could be lenient, but if he was too often than Will would push his boundaries, at the wrong moment that could be the difference between success and defeat.

Will tilted his head, his dark curls disappearing against the night and his eyes were amused. “I saw no one around for miles. You would think you could have a little more faith in me.”

Will’s form was bare, as it always was unless there was reason for them to pass through a populated area. His human skin was dotted with black scales that curled around his lithe muscles and dotted his cheek. Even the scarred cheek had a few cracked scales along the skin. When they were around humans Hannibal took care to cover every inch of Will that he could, long cloaks and forward hoods to mask his features. He was possessive of every glance that touched Will’s skin in this form and the few notable occasions someone had dared touch him had ended in bloodshed and those times it was Hannibal who bore the victory be the offender human or dragon.

He tugged on one of Will’s curls and watched him bare his neck in answer. The challenge never left his eyes and Hannibal smiled in response. They had not been each other’s firsts, but they were perfectly matched. Will’s former rider had treated him little more than a tool to be used and then discarded as needed. Will had been raised by the man and so felt indebted to him even as his resentment grew. Hannibal had lost his first dragon Mischa when she was only a hatchling. Hunters had seen her when Hannibal had been careless and had taken her from him. Her screams as they tore out her scales still haunted him though he seldom showed it.

Will closed the distance between them and gave a demanding kiss. Hannibal returned it and pulled him close, his hands were covered in his riding gloves but the feel of leather against is newly human skin never failed to make Will tremble in need. The world was darkening around them and Hannibal knew they needed to focus on their shelter for the night.

Instead he carelessly threw a blanket to the open earth and pushed Will down.

The dragon’s eyes were bright with mirth and challenge. It had been a long journey so far and as they traveled to their newest mission Will knew that the stress of discovery wound his rider tightly. He knew just the way to relieve that.

Bruises on his skin that matched the darkness of his scales, teeth cutting until blood spilled, thrusts that filled him deeper than he had ever known. Hannibal’s attention could be cruel and dark but Will relished in all of them.

Not many dragons would submit this way to a human. Being ridden was one thing, a partnership and an understanding for the most part. But this kind of base submission would rile any dragon Will could name.

Instead of angering him though he reveled in it. Hannibal had a dragon’s spirit and he was far superior than any other potential mate Will could claim. One dragon had already tried to take Will in this way and it had been Hannibal who had forced him into his human form so he could rip out his neck with his dull human teeth.

Will had watched entranced by the viciousness and bloodshed. Then when the battle was over he had bared himself to his rider and let him take the spoils he had fought for.

Hannibal's grip in Will's hair was punishing but pleasurable. He kissed him back and marked his rider as fiercely as he was marked. Their bond went farther than human or dragon, deeper than blood and bone and Will would have it no other way.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!

Frozen AU

Chapter Notes

> *Continues to be unproductive on ALL my stories* Here's another oneshot! I'll try to get back into the swing of things life has been a little crazy thank you all so much for understanding!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You don’t have to be alone.”

The voice cut across the crystal like glass of the room. The door had opened only because Will had permitted it. Curious to see who would venture out so far and in such harsh weather to see the banished king. The words cut and Will regretted opening the door already.

“There is every reason for me to be alone.” His teeth were clenched and he turned to see who it was that had come so far to disturb his solitude.

He was a handsome man, not young anymore but not old either. He had a sharply lined face and dark eyes. Will absently wondered at the color of his hair. He was snuggly wrapped in layers to ward of Will’s eternal winter that there was no telling if it would be light like some of the northerners Will had met or more commonly dark like his own.

“If you have traveled this far than you must know the stories. I am dangerous around people. Even those I love.” Will stared hard at the man and then prepared himself to have to remove him. There was a set to his jaw that implied he would not be so easily moved by words alone.

He was right.

“You live out here in isolation because you believe you are dangerous.” His tone was flat but insightful there was a question hidden in his words.

Will answered it.

“I live out here in isolation to be *free*.”

The silence stretched between them, only the wind howling made any sound and it seemed to echo more than usual in his self made prison.

“Your sister is dead Will.”

The words stabbed his heart even though he had known they were true for some time. It had been a miracle that Alana had survived the accident when they were children. His outburst at his coronation had hit her directly in the heart. Still he had run. Like the coward he was.

The wind’s volume increased and cracks began forming in the ice as his grief and fear manifested itself. This is the end he deserved. Alone and buried in the ice.

“Your sister is dead. But I can bring her back.”

The words halted the crumbling of the ice. When Will opened his eyes the man was no longer across the room but standing there in front of him.

The expression in his eyes was one of awe and rapt attention. He gently reached forward and cupped Will’s face in his hands. “I can bring her back for you. I can bring them *all* back. Your mother, your father, your sister. You could be a family again and welcomed in your own home. Your exile and sins forgotten. Washed away as though they never existed.”

As he spoke the dark eyes that Will first assumed were brown were actually a deep red that seemed to glow in the filtered light of his palace. Tall black horns sprouted from his head, grotesque and beautiful all at once.

“What’s your name?” Will realized now that he had never asked and that suddenly seemed to be a very important question.

The man’s smile was large and sharp and the fingers on his face grew claws that slowly bit into his skin. “I have had many, you may choose any one of them that you like. Though at the ball I was Hannibal.”

Will vaguely remembered seeing him introduced but he had been too focused on his secret to pay much notice.

“Why would you do this? Why would you do this for me?”

The smile full of pointed teeth became smaller but more intimate as he pulled the Ice King close to him. “Because I know very well what it is like to be alone. I am tired of being alone William.”

Will thought about his answer. He thought about the last moments he had seen his sister. The endless hours in his father’s office learning control through trial and error. Through pain and tears. He thought about his mother and how her hugs had stopped after his accident but how she never seemed able to stop touching Alana. He thought about the freedom he had had here. Lonely yes. But it was the first time that he had been able to actually see what his powers could *do*. And they were beautiful when he stopped letting fear control them. The fear warped them into something terrible and unpredictable.

“I want them back. I want them back and happy and *safe*. And I don’t want to be afraid anymore.”

Arms wrapped around him then. The layers for travel that Hannibal had first arrived in were melted away and now the skin around him was black as night and he looked up into burning ruby red eyes.

“Never.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you!

Time Travel AU

Chapter Notes

Another little idea! This time with time travel! Thank you for reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

During the fall Hannibal held Will close to his heart and believed short of dying peacefully in bed together at a ripe age in some foreign countryside this was the best of all possible endings. He was content to know that while he had changed Will as he originally sought out to do. That he had also been changed in turn. As ever, only Will could entirely surprise him. He was at peace as he closed his eyes and waited for the icy crash of the ocean to swallow them whole.

“Sir…Sir…Are you alright?”

Hannibal had distantly not expected to wake at all and certainly not on dry land. He blinked his eyes open for a moment as he processed what his senses were telling them. If he were not so certain of his sound mind he might begin to question his sanity.

He could smell the damp concrete he was on, the faint far off salty brine of a bay, sea food in spices that he associated with deep southern cooking …and *Will*.

But Will was not beside him.

After taking in that his body appeared to be unharmed besides a few bruises he sat up and focused on where the scent of *Will* was coming from.

There was a young boy staring at him, his jacket was old and worn with a few clumsy patches sewn into it and his nose was faintly red and drippy from the cold. He had knitted gloves on but they were the thin kind that only implied warmth rather than providing any sort of protection and they were already damp.

It was the curls and blue eyes that gave him away as a somehow impossibly younger Will Graham.

Will felt safe in Hannibal's arms as the wind went whistling past them. He wasn't sure where the urge came from to push them over and accept the inevitable outcome of death. Maybe Hannibal could see some far off peaceful future but Will could only ever see being hunted and separated. He could not accept a world where he and Hannibal weren't together. Not after everything they had gone through. So instead he sought to create a world, even if that world was in death.

He closed his eyes and pressed his lips to Hannibal's, their first kiss would be bloody and full of death but it was fitting for them and at least they would have it in this life.

He fell hard on to a wood floor and groaned. *That* was not a pleasant landing.

He tried to get the scraps of his mind together. He had been free falling into the ocean with Hannibal and now he was alone crushed on a wood floor in a warm house.

He blinked and sat up as he looked around. It looked vaguely familiar in some way but his thoughts were distracted by the familiar scent of fresh blood.

He looked around the room and saw two children staring at him. One was a very young girl with long white blond hair and the familiar features of her face made his heart ache. He had only seen her likeness before once in a sketch and he had never said a word of it to Hannibal. Without having to ask he knew who this was and that could only be a young version of Hannibal next to her with his arm in front of her protectively as he bared his teeth at Will.

A woman's cry came from the kitchen and it was cut off with a sharp laugh. Will turned his back to the children as a large bearded man came into the room. He sneered at the children but his face turned into confusion as he looked at Will.

Still high from his fight with the dragon and filled with protective fury knowing what this man his and his friends were about to do to the two children behind him. Wrath filled him knowing what they had caused Hannibal to be. Will launched himself bodily at him without warning and dug his thumbs into his eyes. He stepped on his throat to finish him and then he took the knife from his limp bloody hands and fell upon the others as they entered the room. They might have been too much for a family taken by surprise but they were not too much for him.

When he was finished he turned and looked at the two Lecter children. Mischa had been shielded from the sight by Hannibal's hands over her ears and her face turned to his chest.

Hannibal however young he was already had a bit of darkness and *knowing* in his eyes even as he studied the scene before him with an air of disbelief. Will could never have saved the Hannibal of his timeline, and while he regretted the pain that it had caused them both he wouldn't want to. That Hannibal was the one that he had fallen in love with. That was the man who had seen the darkness inside of him as a treasure rather than a disease. This Hannibal however was a child and Will intended to make sure he stayed as innocent as possible even with the urges possibly at work inside of him already. Urges that Mischa being alive and safe would be able to contain to an extent.

First however he would have to see them through this winter. He looked around the house and decided that the cannibalism wouldn't start today. However much they might need the meat he had no intention of being the reason Hannibal started down that path. He gestured that Mischa be returned to room and Hannibal help him clean up.

He was going to learn Lithuanian after all. He wondered if he would ever be able to show *his* Hannibal his new skill and tired not to think of where he might be.

While Hannibal might have fallen into a different time than his own he was not without at least a few of his resources. He had learned long ago the prudence of secreting weapons and money on his person should the need for them ever arise and he was once again vindicated for being correct.

The young Will in front of him looked at him in confusion and no small amount of suspicion when Hannibal did not respond. He cleared his throat and managed to discreetly find and unfold some of his money. It would be interesting to see if he could access his other funds and if there was an alternate version of him wandering around. That would certainly be an experience since there couldn't be very well two of him occupying the same space in time without someone rousing questions. He put the thoughts of possibly fighting himself aside for now as he held out the money to Will "I find myself in need of some assistance. Perhaps you can be of some help?"

Will looked at him and it hurt to see the blankness in those eyes after finally getting Will to *see*. But he would find a way to get those eyes back. On the *right* Will. This Will was precious to him in his own way but Hannibal was determined to find *his* will and get him back.

Chapter End Notes

I might come back to this once I've gotten some of my other stories wrapped up! Thank you for reading!

Haunted House AU

Chapter Notes

> Another update! I've been working on this chapter for awhile and kept putting off posting it because it felt too crackish but I hope you like it anyways! Thank you!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Oh no absolutely not.”

Will eyed the house and then turned to Hannibal. Part of him realized that he shouldn’t be terribly surprised and the other part of him thought it was a fucking miracle they hadn’t been caught yet. With the way Hannibal lived they might as well invite half the FBI while they were on the run.

Hannibal stoically raised one single eye brow at him and then turned back to the absolutely *massive* property. “Why ever not? It’s secluded, more space for both of us. I’m sure you’ll have us overrun with canines in no time. There is a run for them and we are far from town without it being unbearable. I fail to see how we could possibly find a better arrangement.”

He was so impossibly smug that Will sometimes wondered how he could possibly love the bastard. Cannibalism and head games aside he had already made his peace with that. It was the *imperiousness* that he thought might push him over.

“Well that’s fine and all and if we are going to ignore my concerns about the absolute *beacon* that it’s going to be for Jack I can at least tell you it’s haunted to high hell.” Will turned and expected this to at least put a little bit of a wrench in Hannibal’s plans.

Instead he got the Wendigo smile and a light the color of blood shined from Hannibal’s eyes “I know.”

Well fuck.

They moved in and Will grumbled the entire way. He got a small amount of revenge in the form of telling Hannibal it was far too risky for them to hire movers and would instead be doing the heavy lifting themselves.

It wasn't as if Hannibal was unfit for the job. They had tumbled down the cliff but it was a lot harder to kill a Wendigo than that and Will had a bit of Banshee blood on his mother's side that helped him out.

He was reassured by Hannibal later as he held Will up against a wall and caged him in with his unnatural strength that if he was ever so careless with his life again that Hannibal would reach into the depths of hell itself and rip him from there. A Wendigo's mate was even more indistructive than the beast itself.

But they were healed now and Hannibal had muscles under his flashy suits and socialite lifestyle. He only begrudged using them in such a plebian fashion. Though from the way he was looking at Will in his white shirt and jeans he seemed to be rethinking his opinion.

"If you keep looking at me like that we aren't going to get much done today." Will couldn't help but smile even though it pulled on his scarred cheek. He covered it with a bit of beard stubble and ignored Hannibal's vague whining on the matter. Not that he would admit that was what it was; that was beneath the great Hannibal Lecter. Instead Will shut him up with a very successful method of kissing him. He wondered if it would create a Pavlov affect but he was willing to try.

The first night in the house nothing happened. That wasn't unusual. From what Will understood sometimes they needed time to adjust to the new energies and other times they were scoping out the new victims. He wondered how long he would have to wait and if Hannibal would let him just him purge whatever it was as soon as they figured it out or if he wanted to play with his food first.

He already knew the answer really.

It started with the usual banging and odd noises. Will only rolled his eyes and the dogs sniffed at them dismissively. It was hard for them to be all that impressed with whatever spirit was haunting them once they had gotten used to a Wendigo.

Hannibal became a little frustrated when they woke up one morning and all his cupboards had been rearranged and upended. He had only just finished his painstaking arrangement of the kitchen the day before and Will had to cover his mouth and walk away before he could be seen laughing.

He was less amused when the spirit tossed his flies everywhere.

"*Do* something about this Hannibal. You wanted the damn house ghost and all now get rid of it." Will huffed as he picked up his bits for flies off of the ground and he knew that Hannibal

was looking at his ass but refused to entertain any of those thoughts until it was just them and the dogs in the house again.

“Very well.” Hannibal seemed very put upon but enough was enough. He’d had his fun now it was time to let the poor creature move onto the next life and most importantly they had started fucking with the hot water in the morning and Will had not gone on the run to live in a home with only cold water.

Hannibal waited until it was the full moon claiming that the summoning spell would be more affective but Will was long used to his constant need for aesthetics that he didn’t even fight it. He pointed at his mate “I don’t care how just get rid of it.” He turned and walked into the bedroom and shut the door firmly behind him.

A little while later an arm curled around Will and pulled him back against a strong chest. Lips caressed his neck and the second his hand tried to inch even a tiny amount lower on his hip Will pulled out his silver knife and stabbed the creature behind him expertly.

Screaming filled the house as the blessing on the silver burned bright in the light of the full moon and the spirit was forced to the next life. Will ignored the outcry and held the knife steady until the form turned in to a burning bright white light and vanished from this plane. Instantly the air was lighter and Will knew that they had moved on.

He sat up fully in bed and glared at Hannibal who was standing by the door and sighed as he cleaned the knife on the sheets. They would have to be changed now anyways no matter how much Hannibal might complain. “*Really*? You just wanted to watch me stab something didn’t you?”

Hannibal gave one of his small smiles and prowled closer to the bed. “I must admit that was a benefit. You are always the most beautiful to me in darkness and moonlight. Did you know that your eyes flash gold when you use your banshee blood? But that was not the only reason. It was a shade of the spirit it had once been. No memories of its time as a human to convince it to move onward only blind possessiveness of the house. Being dispatched by a banshee was its only chance for an afterlife. Though I’m sure your knife alone would have done perfectly well.”

Will shook his head and pulled Hannibal closer “You’re impossible.” He gave him a kiss and then smiled “I guess if the sheets are ruined anyways we might as well make the most of it.”

Hannibal’s horns grew from his head and his skin slowly turned black and his claws with slow gentleness began to peel away Will’s clothing. A smile filled with teeth bloomed on his dark face as he came closer and the moon outlined his full form.

“Waste not want not.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you!

Peter Pan AU

Chapter Notes

A little idea I had! I hope you like it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The ship was docked, the moon was full and Captain Hannibal Lecter waited.

There was always the risk that he wouldn't show up of course. He always did, though that thought never failed to stop hovering on the edge of the Captain's mind. Will was aptly named; he had a will all his own and often followed it seldom giving thought to what might happen as a result.

War on Neverland was a good example.

Yet just as the moon had fully risen for the evening there was the faint tinkling of bells and a dash of shadow before the sound of soft feet alighting behind him reached his ears.

Yes Will always came.

Though he did like to try Hannibal's patience.

"Good evening Captain Lecter. How goes the ship?" Will's voice was soft but there was still the undercurrent of mirth. Will had come to Neverland seeking escape from his life and he had succeeded. Hannibal often wondered if he would ever tell him more about his life before here. Besides the faint tidbits of that this was simply *better*.

Neverland was all that Hannibal had ever known. Since it was first created he had laid in the murkier waters, the danger even in the sweetest of places. He did sometimes miss his scales and the cool water against him as he glided like a shadow around his prey. Now though,

standing in the light of the moon with Will smiling at him those were passing thoughts. This was *better*.

"She holds well and her crew sleeps deeply. Thanks to your fairy friend I assume." There again was the sound of bells but Alana did not like being around him and so seldom appeared personally when he and William met. He preferred the privacy.

Will stepped closer; his clothes were the shade of the forest and were a combination of too tight and too loose. His legs were encased tightly but his top was loose and billowy. Shades of green and brown covered him and the leaves of his cloak allowed him to disappear in the woods he called his home. The home he shared with his misfits that he lovingly called his Lost Boys.

How close they had come to being mortal enemies; as Will had been with the former captain of this ship. Hannibal had been lounging in the lagoon when one of Will's charges had come too close and been a bit too careless. Never one to pass an easy meal Hannibal had crept his way closer until he was spotted by Neverland's self appointed protector. If he had taken the boy then they would have never reached where they were now.

Instead Will had tempted him with the idea of a meatier morsel. One that would be a much more worthy challenge and one that would satisfy Hannibal's hunger for a long time. It had been an easy ploy to appeal to his vanity and even at the time he had known it. Still the idea had intrigued him. Before then he had never had human flesh and he wondered at the taste.

Captain Fredrick Chilton had tried often to capture Will or one of his boys, he set dangerous traps for them in the forest and had even succeeded in kidnapping Alana once. Will had a long memory for a place that never aged and he had not forgotten the slight.

So the next time he and Chilton crossed swords he threw the captain overboard and into Hannibal's waiting jaws below.

Neither of them had known however the rule they had broken.

The Jolly Roger *must* have a captain.

That night under the full moon much like this one. Hannibal had been cast out of his former shape and turned into a human. A human with a taste for man flesh and teeth that were much too sharp, but a human none the less.

Will had not been aware either and that was the only reason Hannibal had forgiven him. That and the fact that he demanded these visits as payment or he would bring his wrath upon the island and all Will protected.

Though now, countless, *ageless* years later, that threat was no longer necessary but a way to keep time in a place where time had no meaning.

In the light of the full moon Will stepped closer and smiled as Hannibal's arms clad in a blood red jacket wrapped around him and pulled him into a sharp kiss. Before Neverland herself he was claimed and claimed for himself in return.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!

Magical Short

Chapter Notes

Just a little idea. Not much too it but I wanted to post it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

There is a spell that you can do on your wedding day.

It's an old spell. Passed down through the ages and sometimes fallen out of favor. There is strong magic at work during a wedding and so that is the time when the spell is the strongest. Some are so certain of themselves they refuse to use it. Others are afraid of the answer it will bring and pretend to use it.

Then there are those who use it and get the answer they knew all along.

It used to be common to perform it as part of the vows. However it is considered kinder to do it in privacy before the ceremony in case the answer one receives is not the one they expect. It is a simple and direct piece of magic. There was a reason it was traditionally easy to slip into the vows.

As with all magic it is not so much the words used as the intent. The intent to find ones true beloved.

Will Graham stared at himself in the mirror. Dressed in a tux and in less than an hour set to marry Molly. He knew that his soon to be wife may or may not be doing the same thing at this exact moment but the thought brought him little peace.

He closed his eyes and lit the white candle. Several of his most precious items were lined up in front of the mirror and he thought about a long and happy life together with someone. Someone who would complete him. Someone who would understand him. The goal of the spell was not to purposefully visualize the intended partner but to rather let the magic work.

He imagined a house full of dogs and days in the creek. Sunlight and laughter. Sunlight and laughter. Sunlight and laughter.

He had it crystallized in his mind before he started reciting the words and finished with “to bind myself with my true beloved…..” He felt the words shift on their own accord and a shiver went down his spine.

“Hannibal”

The sunlight and house changed in his mind, red like a sunset and a tall black creature took the place of the house, the creek turned into blood.

He startled and his eyes opened as he accidently knocked over the candle the flame went out and he was left with his own shadowy reflection staring back at him with knowing eyes.

“Well fuck.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!

Hades/Persephone Remix

Chapter Notes

> Hello! I spilled tea on my laptop so I haven't been updating anything and I need to get my creative juices reflowing. This is a short that I was working on before the accident happened! I hope you like it and I'll be updating my other stories soon! Thank you!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I have come to give you your reward.”

A low voice sounded through the halls and Will looked up from where he sat perched on his throne reading the names of the dead.

A light parted the souls that were due for intake. A God from another realm then. Interesting. But also distracting. There had been another war in the peninsula and there were many to sort through. Will didn’t bother rolling up his scroll as he called another name. The light still came forward and it seemed the God who had barged into his realm was content to wait their turn. They would be waiting awhile then.

A few dozen more souls, some younger some older. Some from the war or as a result from it. He sorted them all carefully. Heard their stories, said their names, and let them into the beyond. There was no time to comfort or consol them. Death was impartial and he was merely a step in their next journey.

Finally the God could be seen clearly. He was tall, older in appearance and with a shapely face. His aura was strong enough to almost make the hall seem warm; it fell short of overshadowing Will’s own purple aura though. This was after all where he was strongest.

He set aside the scroll. There was time enough now. The dead could wait and there would always be more coming in at all hours. The God had waited his turn and just like all his other guests Will would hear him out. “A reward? For what?” He was genuinely curious but mostly wondering why this God was bothering him. Very few came to his realm and he had grown to prefer it that way.

The God said nothing for a moment he merely looked Will over. His robes were long and white trimmed with gold. A *very* high ranking God then, and powerful. Where he walked thrummed with life though nothing could really grow in death's soil. Instead it seemed the life he brought was content to thrum around him. "You rescued my daughter and I have come to give you thanks." His tone was casual, his eyes betrayed nothing, and yet he seemed to be waiting in anticipation for something.

Will shifted on his throne. He wasn't slouching but it was made of stone and he had been sitting here for a while now. Time passed strangely and he spent most of it with the dead. He could not remember saving someone let alone another God's daughter. Then it came to him. The night of Zeus' party to welcome his son, he had left the underworld to make a polite appearance and to appease his older brother. He had left later than he expected. Zeus had been very proud to show off his offspring as though the world weren't littered with his bastards already.

"Oh you mean Persephone. It was no trouble really." He waved his hand and reached for his scroll. It was kind of the God to visit but he needed no thanks and had never expected to receive one. The Spring Goddess had already thanked him and had been safely on her way home.

"You misunderstand the depth of my gratitude." Again that voice echoed through the hall and demanded Will's attention. "You saved my only daughter when it would have been just as easy for you to ignore her. She is very dear to me and it would be rude not to give you a sign of thanks."

Will gave a small sigh and set aside the scroll entirely. It seemed that despite the fact the God was coming here to thank Will he would still be imperious enough to demand time until he was satisfied with his own thanks. Just like the Gods above to think that everything waited on them. Will's work was unending and eternal. He couldn't just come and go as he pleased and not all the Gods understood that.

"Persephone already gave her thanks and that is more than enough for me. She was trapped and it was easy enough for me to release her. I have no doubts that she was fully capable of aiding herself but there was no reason to not help her."

"My daughter told me the situation was a little more dire than that." The God seemed to be at once intrigued and amused at Will's tone.

He stood as though he would easily take all the time he needed until he was pacified with his visit here. It was strange. Most Gods, even powerful ones, grew restless after a short time in Will's domain. Will had not even offered him a seat or drink and yet he looked perfectly content. Something about that irked Will and he waved a hand carelessly. Now that he knew who this God was he was even more impatient to see him go. Life after all, in any form, saw an enemy in death. Not that Will *chose* to be anyone's enemy but still the fact remained.

He did know however that the God of the Harvest detested rudeness. It was the only weapon he was willing to use at the moment. "Why are you here? I cannot see how I would be interested in you, your daughter, or your thanks."

The God smiled and seemed delighted as he came to his own decision regarding the matter.

“You will.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!

Crimson Peak AU

Chapter Notes

> What do I do when I have writers block? Add to this apparently! I think this might become a full story someday but for right now I'm just going to post the first chapter. Hopefully this will help me update my other stories! Thank you! Hope you are all well!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will is well aware that this tomb is haunted. It is after all the only reason he is here.

He breathes in the scent of old and decaying things, the ever present smells of death and dirt and dust. He swears he can smell the cobwebs and the spiders. Is it any wonder that in his free time he prefers the scent of fish and dogs? Running water and woods? The scent of so much life to help bury the clinging scent of *rot*.

Jack makes and impatient noise from where he and the team of treasure hunters are standing. It's Will's job to commune with the spirits so that they can find the good stuff right away and avoid any unnecessary curses or traps. Jack's paraphrasing not his. He sees himself as more of a paranormal real estate agent. Please let us have the back story of your life and death along with any treasures you might have hidden away in here and in return I help you pass on to the afterlife. Most go willingly for such an exchange after being trapped in the mortal plain for so much longer than they were ever alive. Some don't. Too far gone to be anything more than a viciously possessive emotion clinging to something that reminds them of *home*. Those are his least favorite; and also his most satisfying if he were being honest.

Jack prefers it when he's not *too* honest.

This is an easy job. Only a few easy to persuade spirits and a lot of gold. No booby traps and no curses. Will clears the way for Jack's team and steps aside idly wondering if the next one is going to be more of a challenge.

“The Tomb of Count Hannibal Lecter.” Will read the paper aloud just to let Jack get a good look at his expression. “Even the name sounds like a hoax and you want to go all the way to Lithuania for this? I’ve never even heard of this guy before.”

Jack is too impatient for Will’s poor attitude at the moment. “All the more reason we should investigate! Most of Lithuania’s royal history is lost because of the Second World War when they were overthrown and all titles and properties were taken by the new government. Its old history was burned away and forgotten and now we have the biggest find of the century rotting away in a castle with only a plane ride in our way. Think of the historical artifacts we will uncover. We could help rebuild the country’s history!”

Jack certainly liked to paint himself in a noble light when he was robbing the graves of the wealthy.

Will’s eyes wandered down the short article and glanced at the picture that had undoubtly been what had caught Jack’s eye. It was from some paranormal website, printed off for Will’s convience and the grainy photo of the castle appeared to have been taken at quite a distance. Not for tourism or visits then. That at least appeased Will somewhat. He had little patience for tourist traps or glorified Bed and Breakfasts. It did look quite the sight even in the poor photo. A looming fortress surrounded by deep dark woods. He traced his finger over where one of the castle windows seemed to be lit from within. It was too far away to tell and it was most likely a trick of the photographer’s lens. The bio below said that there was a female caretaker who was notorious for refusing visitors and firing at anyone who crossed the property line with a rifle, it also stated that she resided in a small house on the estate, not in the castle itself.

He hummed there wasn’t much more information in the article besides the ‘Bloody Ghost of Castle Lecter” Here Will rolled his eyes and put the article back on the desk and grabbed the small file that Jack had researched instead. There was slightly more information here but not much. The Castle had always belonged to the Lecters since the family first appeared in historical registry and was built up and expanded as their wealth and influence increased. They were connected to several royal families by birth and marriage but never close enough to be within reach of a throne themselves. Part of the reason they were targeted by the War was Will’s guess. Their family had slowly dwindled in number until the last remaining family was said to be wiped out by soldiers of the war and the castle was turned into a orphanage before being returned to a caretaker with ties to the family.

It seemed like the type of thing that Jack would read about and get interested in before moving on. It had too much and too little information to be a real haunting in Will’s opinion. Yet Jack seemed fixated on it. “Why this one Jack? We’ve seen dozens of stories like this. They circle around for while to drive up sensation and tourism and then they die out. What makes this one different?”

Jack looked at Will for a moment before he tapped his copy of the file with a finger and look of steel in his eyes. “Because the caretaker who is so famous for wanting people *off* of the property has invited us *in*. She’s paying for everything and insists that she wants the final verdict that the estate is not haunted so that she can sell it and move on with her life. She’s tired of the past and is willing to give us rights to anything and everything we find. There was lots of looting in the war but families like that have scores of secret chambers. And we’re going to find them. Our flight leaves day after tomorrow.”

Well at least Will knew when his opinion wasn’t wanted. He’d have to call Alana too look after the dogs but it appeared he would be going to Lithuania.

“This is cold as fuck” Beverly Katz was kind enough to say what everyone else was thinking.

Will tugged his furred hood over his head and wondered if the rest of this stay was going to be as miserably cold or if this was just a special welcome.

The castle would look almost beautiful covered in snow if it wasn’t so run down. There were obvious patches in the roof where no doubt snow was falling through and Will hoped the structure was at least sound. Chiyoh the caretaker had told them they would be staying in the castle as they explored it. She was old but her face looked like it was set in stone and her hair was pure white. She had the look of a hard life and Will wondered what it did to a person living in the shadow of something like this.

She refused to step foot into the castle. Instead she gave them a ring of keys and a word of caution not to leave after nightfall. She said it was because of the wolves that were rumored to wander the forest but her eyes never left the upper tower.

As she turned to go Will felt himself moved to ask “Why are you letting people in now? You’ve spent your life making sure that this place wasn’t disturbed. Why now?”

She looked at him for a long time; then she answered “I was brought to this country as a young girl to serve a lady who married into this family and missed her home. She treated me more like a daughter than a servant girl. I have been in this country so long I forget the way the sun looks setting in my home village and haven’t spoken my own tongue since my lady passed nearly twenty years ago. I am old and tired. I have stood guard over this place long enough. If he wants someone new to play with he will need to find someone else.” At that she turned up her own hood and walked back towards her cabin. “Do not go out at night!” She called over her shoulder but she did not turn around again.

Will watched her go even as Jack and his team checked their equipment but they did not get too close. As usual they waited for him to touch the door first.

When he had first started working for Jack the man hadn't believed in his skill with spirits. He just knew that Will was able to lead them around traps and to hidden caches of gold, jewels and other valuables. After working together for a few years Jack had more belief in his abilities. There had been a few times when he challenged Will's advice and had resulted in sour expeditions with no money and wounded men. He had only seen a spirit once when a case went really bad and had been a firm believer ever since. When Will teased him about it Jack had firmly told him it had only taken once for him to need no further proof. Will also noted that since then he had taken to carrying a cross that Will believed had been blessed. He didn't tell him such a thing would have no effect. If it brought the man some sort of comfort Will wasn't going to ruin it.

Will wandered up to the door ignoring the way Price and Zeller stared at him. They were newer but had been on a few findings with them; they still weren't used to him and he simply ignored them. Beverly had been there since the beginning but unlike Jack she had believed Will right away and was the only one he would really call a friend.

She gave him a small smile as he approached the door and looked it over. Solid wood with iron handles and bolts. Odd for a family so wealthy but he supposed if they had built their wealth up they might have kept many of the things they had started with. He noticed that the large knockers on the door were faced like snarling wolves. These appeared well polished but it could be exposure to the weather. The detail made them look very lifelike and again he remembered Chiyoh's warning about the wolves and the forest.

He laid his palm against the door but didn't sense or feel anything. That wasn't too unusual. He nodded and together they pushed open the heavy doors. They echoed as they swung in on old hinges and the sound echoed through the castle entry.

Will went to step forward when he was suddenly gripped by one of his 'feelings'. He held out a hand and shook his head to the others before stepping back. He cleared his throat. He hated doing things like this it made him feel like a freak; but the feeling he was getting implied that this spirit was strong and he wanted to make sure they got off on the right foot. Maybe there was something to that article after all.

"Hello? We were invited here by Chiyoh? We were wondering if it would be alright to stay here for a few nights. We are very curious about this castle's history and would like to respectfully ask if we can explore your fine home." Will's voice echoed like the hinges but faded sooner. Sometimes he was guided about what to say but this time he had to awkwardly imagine that he was talking to a Count. He had the distinct impression that the spirit he was feeling was a male.

There was no response for a moment but the tense feeling slowly went away. That might be the closest they got to an invitation and Will stepped forward and whispered under his breath "Thank you." That part hadn't been a conscious decision but he had never felt a spirit so strongly so early on before.

He thought he felt something brush against the back of his neck and a voice whispered "Welcome to my home."

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading please stay safe!

The Old Guard AU (Immortals)

Chapter Notes

> I couldn't help myself! I saw the Old Guard on Netflix and you know one thing led to another....Anyways I highly recommend watching it! Thank you all for reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ever since the very beginning it had always been the two of them.

They were both so old that the centuries were beginning to get hard to count. They had just always been together, even when they were apart.

They had met on the battlefield. Each fighting for a country that had long ceased to exist and faded from memories, even their own sometimes.

One had been a battle hardened general who had led many successful campaigns against foreign foes and had expected this battle to be nothing more than a notch in his belt. He was brutal and well respected by his men and his enemies alike.

The other was a prince. It would be his first battle, the younger son setting out to prove himself. What he lacked in experience he made up for with determination, he had not been the one leading the army, but he still had a place of respect amongst the men. First given to him by his birthright and then earned as he worked hard to be accepted as one of their own.

The battle raged for days before they noticed. Men on both sides were dwindling but somehow the commander and the prince remained day after day. The first day there were enough men that they could retreat to recover their strength and tend the wounded. Then by

the third day there weren't enough left and by the fourth it was just the two of them. In a field of bodies, their comrades mixed together, impossible to separate one dead man from the other they continued to fight.

They noticed slowly. So locked they were in their dance that it took time to notice that cuts healed, stab wounds closed, even as they tired new strength came into them though neither were sure where it was coming from.

Then at last the general was able to land a killing blow. Though he felt he should have won this fight long ago. He had more experience than the young prince but the prince was clever and fast. He had been trained well by his men.

They had battled through the fourth day and now it was the fourth night with the moon high above them. The dark was closing in making it hard to see besides the occasional flash of armor and the whites of their eyes.

The prince lost his footing and the general tackled him to the ground driving his sword straight through the prince's heart. He felt no remorse for the prince's death. But a loss. There was something that had happened between them in the field. He had felt it, even if he had not hesitated because of it.

So he watched the young prince die and removed his sword. They did not speak the same language or honor the same god but he still said a few words over the prince's body. He had not done this for his other foes, either in this battle or the ones before, but he had never felt as moved by them before as this one.

He stood and sheathed his sword when the prince below him slowly shuddered back to life. The general watched in amazement as the prince slowly came to stand before him. The blood still shown on his tunic in the moonlight.

The prince looked down at his chest and his hand tentatively came to touch the spot that was now healed pale skin beneath his finger tips. He was gasping for breath, his lips cracked from the hard days and the dirt that covered his face. He looked back up at the general and there seemed to be a question in his eyes as he drew his sword back and stabbed it into the other man.

He grunted and fell to his knees as the sword was removed. Yet neither said a word as slowly the feeling of death passed and the commander parted his hands to see that, like the wound dealt to the prince, his armor was torn and there was blood shining black in the dim light. The wound however was gone.

They looked at each other then and the feeling was sudden and all encompassing. They were alone, but they had each other.

“We’ve never fallen from a cliff before.” Will said calmly with his knees to his chest as he watched the sun rise over the ocean.

Hannibal coughed next to him and pulled himself up into a sitting position, long legs spread out as they knitted themselves back together and his arms holding him up. “Be that as it may I would prefer we do not do that again.”

Will smiled “Well it’ll be pretty hard for them to think we survived that don’t you think?”

“If you were done with the game you need only tell me.” Hannibal did not mutter but it was a near thing.

Will bumped shoulders with him and watched a small smile flit across Hannibal’s features “You do have to admit it was fun.”

Hannibal’s arms had healed enough for him to sit up properly and lean towards Will as he anchored a hand in his curls to guide him into a kiss. “To the victor goes the spoils.”

Will pulled back and stared into Hannibal's eyes, a soft smile on his face "You would claim I won that one? I think you could claim victory my love. In the end you got the result that you wanted. Though it has been a long time since I've seen you so riled."

Red brown eyes looked back at him. "You do ever know how to push me my heart. Though I would think that taking a wife and child was a bit far." He was not pouting. Merely pointing out boundaries.

"You would say that to me? After Abigail? That girl was nearly as vicious and cunning as you. If she is even really dead." Will laughed. It had been nice to pretend to be a family man for awhile. Mostly though he had done it to see what Hannibal would do in response; and a little in revenge for being wound up himself. He had *liked* Abigail. Even if she was more a viper than a mongoose.

Hannibal gave a small proud smile. "I did not truly kill her. She is set up with a friend who will look after her and should she be smart she will be well taken care of the rest of her days."

Will gave a bark of a laugh "I should have known. Then I would say this is a draw."

He leaned back in and gave a long lingering kiss to Hannibal's lips. "Now where are we to wile away our days until we are forgotten this time?"

"As much as I would love to revisit your face in the many galleries and museums in Italy I know that is not the wisest course." Hannibal had hoped that during their game they might have had more time to linger but their antics would have brought too much attention to that part of Europe.

"What about Greece? We haven't been there in awhile and I want some sun."

Hannibal's smile turned warm with memories. They have had many good times in Greece. "Very well beloved. Where you go I am helpless to follow."

Will stood and was bathed in the morning light which made Hannibal's heart ache all over again with love. "You romantic. Now let gets up and start walking. And I want to get my dogs back."

As ever a little prince. Hannibal thought to himself as he stood and followed as he said he would. What is a prince without a worthy general afterall?

Fifty years in Greece should be long enough for the world to forget them. Add the remainder of the century and another one traveling before their games began again.

He cannot wait.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!

Yugioh AU

Chapter Notes

> Trying to get my writer brain working and these little one shots help! Also Yugioh is on Netflix and I've watched way too much in way too short a time period. I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Long ago before the countries we know today were formed there lived a man, a ruler, who oversaw a fierce and powerful clan. They ruled the north where the winters were harsh and unforgiving and the summers were brief and bright. He was a hard man, but one who was determined to keep his people safe. Any weakness could lead to death and so he was brutal when protecting what was his.

One day there came conquers from far away. They wore clothes of polished metal and weapons of steel. They were slow to make claim on the land since they were not as familiar with her ticks and perils. Still they had more men and stronger weapons than the native people and slowly clan by clan their kingdom grew.

Finally it came to be that the Lecter clan was the final to fall. Each man and woman fought to the last to protect their home. Soon only the leader was left. Drenched in blood, his eyes burning with a demonic light he knew that his time had come. Even if he survived his people were gone. A dark fire burned in his heart as he looked over the bodies of all he knew.

The enemy priests warned their generals that this one should be taken alive. They urged them to lock him away and let his strength wane until he was a shell of a man. They saw the look in his eyes and they knew at that moment he was far from being only a man. Instead the generals laughed at the advice and ran him through with their swords. One by one they impaled him until finally his strength gave way and he was brought to his knees.

He stared at them with darkening eyes but no fear. His blood now mixed with those of his comrades and enemies alike and he smiled. He pulled from his neck an heirloom of his family. A gold decoration that was given to each leader as they took over the clan. Now he pulled it from his neck and watched as it feel into pieces. His blood covered each of them and he looked at the generals and the priests. The men who came to take a land that wasn't theirs and killed his people. He did not speak their language but his meaning was clear.

"Vengeance on the unworthy."

Time passed. Countries rose and fell. The box that the puzzle necklace was put in was passed from family to family. Until one day it ended up in the display window of a thrift shop ran by an old man with a soft heart in Lousianna.

Will passed by the shop every day as he came home from the docks. It was part of his walk home and a bright spot during his long days. Usually he would wake up, his dad may or not be back from work or from going out the night before. He would make himself something to eat. Cereal or an energy bar. Then he would hurry to catch the bus. Go through his school day. Run to the docks to help with whatever small chores he could find until the sun started to dip below the horizon. Then he would walk home. Make a sandwich for dinner. Do his homework, and go to bed.

He would sometimes go days without seeing his father. He was busy with odd jobs of his own or his dedication to becoming well known in all the dockside bars. His father always left him money for groceries and the bills were paid. It didn't escape Will's notice that he looked much like his mother. He was good at reading people, his father loved him. He just didn't like looking at him. Will tried to not take it too personally.

He liked walking past the thrift shop. In the window there was a pretty gold box that always seemed to glow in the light of the setting sun. He thought it looked like a little treasure box and he wondered what was inside. Sometimes during his walk home he would daydream

about what it could be. Maybe a letter, or a map. Maybe it was empty and he could put his own treasures in it. They were passing and idle thoughts of a boy but they kept his mind off of other things.

Robertus had run the shop for nearly twenty five years. He was originally from Lithuania which was not too far from where an ancient clan leader had fought his final battle. He had to escape as a young man when the war broke out and he made his way to Paris where he met his wife. Together they dreamed for years of a better life in America and thirty years ago they had made it.

His wife had since passed away. He was content that she had lived to see their dream come true; and though their time together in this new country was shorter than either of them thought it would be their last years together had been happy and content.

He watched from his register each day as the boy walked by. He looked more tired than a boy his age should. More world weary. It was a small town and the boy's father was no secret. He admired that he tried. Admired that he didn't give up. He watched as we stood outside of the window a few minutes to look at the little gold box glinting in the sun. Perhaps he was unaware of it but he smiled so sweetly when he looked. Then he would continue walking, seeming a little lighter for his short visit.

When they had first gotten the box Murasaki had seemed wary of it. She often locked it away and disliked showing it to customers. Then slowly as the years wore on she seemed to make some sort of peace with it. One day she had put it out in the window, she only said that darkness needed to be balanced with light and left it at that.

He had not moved it since that then. It drew in customers but none ever seemed serious about buying it. Certainly none of them looked at it with the same soft longing as the boy did. So one day he was moved to make a change. When the boy walked by this time Robertus called out for him to come into the shop.

In exchange for a few hours over the week, doing the dusting and sweeping, he proposed that he would give the box to the boy as payment. From the hopeful look on his face he knew that it was the right choice. The boy was named Will Graham and over the next few days he came in to do a few chores. It meant he got home later than usual but there was no one to care or mind. Sometimes Robertus was able to convince him to stay for dinner. He was a very small boy.

The next Friday he wrapped up the box and gave it to Will. The bright smile on his face as he gently took the box was thanks enough but he repeated it over and over until Robertus fondly ruffled his hair and told him to get going.

"There's a puzzle in that box. I don't believe there are many who could put it together but maybe you are clever enough my boy to sort it out." Will gave a slightly disgruntled expression but he clutched the box closer.

The puzzle became a new obsession in his life. Will would tinker with it in the morning before breakfast. He thought of it through his classes. He asked around at the docks if anyone knew tricks for puzzles and riddles. He hurried home with a wave at the store so that Robertus knew he hadn't forgotten him. There was no reason to linger outside of the window now and he had the puzzle more than half finished.

One day when he was rushing passed Robertus called out to him again. "I forgot to tell you. My wife knew there was a puzzle inside. She often said that before one completed it they should make a wish. I believe you are close are you not? You should think carefully about what sort of wish you want to make. They can be very powerful you know."

Will wasn't sure how much of that stuff he believed but it didn't hurt to think about. He knew there were impossible things he could wish for. His mother coming back. His father being home more. The kids at school to be nicer to him. That last one gave him pause. Perhaps not that the kids could be wished to be nicer to him. But maybe a friend? Surely if there was enough magic in the box for a wish than a wish as simple as that should be able to come true?

That night he had the last piece of the puzzle and he nearly thrummed in anticipation. The moon shone through his window where he sat perched on the bed with the gold of the necklace glimmering in the night. He paused as he thought about Robertus' words and he closed his eyes as he brought the last piece close to his heart and whispered to himself. "I wish I had a friend. Someone who would never leave me alone, who would always be there for me, someone to protect me and we could make each other happy."

He felt the depth of his emotions as he thought about this one wish. The feelings he had weighed on his heart as he thought about his lonely meals and his long walks to and from the

docks. The bus ride to school with all the loud and noisy kids who never spoke to him. A friend. He clutched the last piece closer one last time as one tear traced down his cheek and landed on the rune carved into the gold.

He slid it into place and smiled as he looked at the completed locket. It seemed warm in his hands and he put it around his neck. It was a comforting weight against his chest and he curled up into bed. His hand wrapped around it as he drifted off into sleep and his hopeful dreams for the next day.

The shadows of his room twisted and writhed under the light of the moon and a figure stood at the end of Will's bed. He had heard all the boy's thoughts. He had been aware of all the happenings outside of his container over the last millennia. Many had tried to solve his puzzle for riches or glory. One or two had succeeded but they had been *unworthy*. This boy though. He was worthy.

Hannibal stood at the end of Will's bed and smiled as he thought of all the hopes the boy before him had. "A friend."

He would be a very good friend indeed.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked this little piece!

Mob Boss/ Stripper AU TRIGGER WARNING

Chapter Notes

A little idea that has been bouncing around and might turn into something some day. I hope you enjoy!

Trigger Warning: Attempted (and debatable) non con between a main character and an OC (Will leads a man on and allows touching that he isn't really that into besides a means to an end. The man has some unpleasant thoughts while he does it)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was almost time for his set and Will was putting the final touches on his makeup. He decided to go with sharp black eyeliner and an even sharper red for his lips. Hannibal did like to see him in red after all. He pressed his lips together and made sure do dab away the excess. He used to use the long lasting kind but seeing how Hannibal's eyes lit up when it was smeared across his lips was too delightful to pass up. Especially tonight. He had special plans for his man tonight.

He passed the stage manager on his way, his heels made a satisfying *click* against the floor as he paused to look at the list. He had four dances tonight. Perfect. An appetizer, a full meal, dessert and one last one to press his point home. He grinned.

Beverly gave him a long look. "I don't like it when you look like that Graham. When you look like that it means the boss isn't going to be happy later. If the boss isn't happy later he's not going to let me have my week off. If I don't have my week off my girlfriend is going to *kill* me and then I'm going to have to murder you. See my problem here?"

Will grinned and leaned in to give her a kiss on her cheek but she pushed him away with her clipboard. "Nope nu-huh. Whatever you've got planned you leave me out of it okay? And make sure I still get my week off!" She was grinning even as she waved her pen at him threateningly. He knew she was going to be happy with the tips they were going to roll in

tonight when he was done with his little stunt. He never kept them for himself and always shared them with the crew. It wasn't like he needed the money with Hannibal looking after him.

"Sure thing Suga'." He let his accent roll through and she muttered under her breath about not being paid enough to deal with his antics. He agreed. Maybe after he had Hannibal all sweet again he'd talk to him about a raise for her. It wasn't like they couldn't afford it and she was more than worth it.

He walked onto the stage as the music began. Something classical that would be mixed into an upbeat tune just to help set the mood. He was greeted with the usual chorus of adoration from his fans. It was a gentleman's club after all no matter how high paying their customers were. In the back he saw Hannibal seated at his private table. A glass of wine by his hand and his dark eyes riveted on the stage.

Perfect.

The first dance wasn't any different from his usual. A slow build up to get the night going and to get the customers in the mood to buy drinks and tip the dancers. He slid his back down the pole before he twirled around it. Showing off his black heels with a trademark red bottom. Hannibal did buy him only the best. Part of him loved seeing these signs of wealth and privilege degraded in such a way. Another part of him just loved the power that he felt in them. The way all eyes were on him. Only one set mattered, but that wasn't the game tonight.

He had on lace boy shorts. Typical dancer wear but his top was a lace vest designed to be torn away at the opportune moment. It framed his slender figure and shoulders well. Not to mention the black leather collar around his neck. A silver heart with a single diamond dangled from it large enough to flash on the stage and get the meaning across but small enough to dance with. His curls were loose and wild falling just below his ears and he knew they'd be a mess by the end of the night for more than one reason. The moon was high and his blood was up.

It was time to play.

The next couple of numbers were other dancers so he was able to take a break in his room for a bit. He half expected Hannibal to come visit him but there were roses waiting instead. It seemed he had to attend to some business tonight and regretted that he would have to be absent until Will's sets were done. Getting Hannibal distracted from his business was always a fun challenge and Will made a bet with himself that by the end of his last dance Hannibal would be waiting for him behind the stage. Maybe they wouldn't even make it to his room.

Soon enough it was time for his second set. He made a quick costume change but kept the heels. This time he was in a white sleek ruffled shorts and lace crop top; the black heels and red lips would be a classic contrast that was always a hit. The song he picked was a sweet seductive crooning number and he danced with the pole like a lover. Nothing too raunchy yet. That would be for later and he was thinking of playing the long game tonight.

The money was coming in and the girls were happy. He was currently their only male dancer but it wasn't a house rule. He got a drink and wandered around the club. He usually didn't until he was done and changed for the night.

As the little note had said Hannibal was in deep conversation at his table with men in suits flanking a familiar dignified woman. She smiled knowingly at Will and he gave a small nod back to her. Hannibal looked to him, likely expecting Will to join them for a short time. The slight raise in his eyebrow meant he knew something was afoot but was willing to see what the game was before acting. That was fine. All part of Will's design for the night.

He wandered around with his drink. His eyes sharp as he clocked the room and thought about a few options. He hadn't always worked in nice places like this. Here he was a Queen and treated like such. But these kind of places always attracted the same kind of man. You just needed to know where to look. Will had survived for years in dingy little clubs and shady alleys, he knew how to use his eyes. There by the bar he saw a man watching him and knew he had his catch. Time to up the stakes a little bit before his next number.

He wandered over and pouted at the bar tender for another drink. It was delivered promptly and he noticed that the man he had picked for the evening must have already had a few. Zeller was watching him closely as he cleaned a glass and glanced at Will. He gave a small nod and a knowing smile. Just like Beverly he knew the rules and seemed just as resigned as she was. He filled the man's glass again and gave Will a pointed look.

Will hid his grin and loosened his limbs as he took a few sips. He didn't want to have too much with two more sets to go and a long evening planned. But it worked and soon the guy was no longer trying to hide the fact that he was openly watching Will. He was eyeing the collar around Will's neck and looking down his body in a way that made it easy to read his thoughts.

Will wanted to look back at Hannibal's table to see if he was watching but that would give the game away too soon. Instead he looked to Zeller with a small quirk of his brow. The man made a long suffering expression before giving back a small nod and going to the other end of the bar to fill more orders.

So Hannibal *was* watching. Perfect.

"Hey I saw you dancing up there a bit ago. Your legs sure go on for miles." The man said blearily as he leaned in towards Will. He could smell the alcohol from here and from the cheapness of it it seemed he had imbibed a bit before coming to the club. Nothing here was cheap and nothing was free.

"Thank you. It's always nice to be appreciated." Will gave a small smile that ended with a pout as he played with his drink a little. A lure if only the fish knew to look for it.

"Don't you feel appreciated baby? That rock around your neck says that you are…" He trailed off but his gaze was hungry now. The man thought he was a shark smelling blood.

Will turned to him, his facade fully in place. "This cheap little thing?" He gave a little laugh and saw the anger buried in the man's eyes. Yes this man thought he was better than dancers, better than the women or men who displayed themselves. He had a disdain for them. Especially ones that flaunted wealth that he envied and treated it like it was their due.

"Well maybe after your show I could show you how you *should* be treated."

Ugh he thought he was being clever with his words. Will wondered if it was already too late to pick out another target. Maybe someone who would actually be a little *interesting*. He saw

Bev waving from him. No time and this man more than deserved to be apart of his game. He pretended to be thinking about it. “Maybe...I’m not really supposed to…”

A little bit of shy coyness to get the man sweet on him again though the anger wouldn’t really leave, just hidden again until he felt safe enough to show it. Will wondered how many had found out the hard way the truth behind his seemingly sweet words.

“I’ll be here all night doll. I’ll be sure to look for you later.” He gave a wink and handed Will a card. Frank McCleary Tax Collector. Yes no one was sure to miss him.

Will smiled and made a show of tucking it into his white lace shirt . Most of his clothes had secret pockets for money that went on the stage but he typically used his for other things. He gave a little wink and hurried back stage. Time for another change.

He thought about his next move. Hannibal hadn’t come over when he was talking to Frank and that was a good sign that he wasn’t too suspicious yet. He was still focused on his business though even if this had been a normal night Will knew he would mention it later. Nothing happened in his club without his knowledge and that was just what Will was counting on.

He went through his little closet but nothing seemed quite right. He then looked at his second closet. The one with clothes he was only supposed to wear when he was with Hannibal. He grinned brightly and picked out the just thing. He reapplied his lipstick and touched up his hair. He kept the shoes.

This time the music started fast right away as he strutted across the stage to the beat of Todrick Hall’s voice. The long flowing robe he wore covered him from shoulder to ankle but it blew open as he walked showing off the tight faux leather pants. He wore a matching crop top underneath and did a few dizzying twirls around the pole to see the robe flow around him like a flower petal. It was black silk embroidered with colorful butterflies and he wrapped his leg around the pole and held on as he did a fast turn and tossed the robe off the stage. That alone would be enough to catch Hannibal’s ire but he was just getting started.

He flipped upside down and slid down the pole with a lustful expression and kept his eyes everywhere *except* Hannibal’s table. It was too tempting to look but now was the time to stir the water a bit. He flipped back over and heard the cheers as he spread his legs and ripped off

the pants. The lace boy shorts were back but these ones were more opaque than the last. He did a walk around the stage and toyed with the top. It too could be ripped off and he was wondering if he should push that far with one more dance planned and gauged the crowed. He felt hands on his ankles and he laid down on the stage and gave an up close and personal dance to Frank who had made his way to the front. Yeah he was going to push it. He leaned in and smiled before pulling back and to the beat of the music tossed the top aside as well. The crowed was rowdy with seeing so much of his skin knowing that he didn't usually play this far. He did another walk and a slow turn before tossing a wink over his shoulder at the close of the song.

His face was flushed and he was heady with the emotions he had felt pouring off of the crowed. He hurried to his room to put on something so he could talk to Frank. He couldn't go out there with only his shorts and heels after all.

Beverly caught him on his way and she gave him a pleading look. "Will for the love of god dial it down a bit! You still have one more dance to go and I would really love it if we could avoid the police crawling all over the place because our Boss decided to kill someone."

Will smiled at her still a little breathless. "Oh come on Bev you know that wouldn't happen." The police were payed well to leave this club alone. "Besides that's what we have you for right?" This time when he leaned in to kiss her cheek she didn't pull away but she did poke his chest.

"Hey don't be tempting fate here okay? Whatever Hannibal did to piss you off and make you act out is not my problem. Don't *make* it my problem by giving me a body to hide right before my vacation." She was serious but her eyes were laughing. The money really was pouring in and he knew that she liked to see someone get the best of their boss from time to time. Even if that person was Will who admittedly was the *only* person who could do it and see another sunrise.

"That's just it. He hasn't done anything. I just want to see what he'll *do*." Will smiled and hurried off to his room at Beverly's groan.

He pulled on tight leather boy shorts that were white and a white loose silky hoodie unzipped to cover his chest but to give him a more approachable look. His collar still glinted against his neck and he tapped it with a thoughtful hum before going back out to the floor.

Frank was back at the bar and Price had taken over for Zeller. He slid Will a drink without a word and wandered away. He was immune to their games and knew that no amount of silent pleading would get him anywhere.

“Hey sweetheart was that dance for me up there?” Emboldened by too many drinks and the heady feeling of having Will’s attention on him he placed his hand on Will’s thigh and slid it up until he was touching the leather shorts.

Will pressed into the attention his mask back in place. “Well...it was nice to be watched by someone for once not just the club.” He stirred his drink and glanced down at the hand. He bit his lip and looked up through his lashes. “Sometimes it gets lonely even when I’m up there.”

“Every eye in the room was on you sweetheart.” Frank leaned in again and swayed slightly “I bet you like it when they all look at you don’t you?” Some of that resentment was bleeding through and Will knew warning signs when he saw them.

“Yours made me feel special…” He spread his legs under the clammy hand and said nothing as it crept up a little farther.

“I’ll make you feel real special after the show.” Frank gave his inner thigh a little squeeze and pulled away. He thought he was being the coy one now.

Will made his expression look torn. “I really shouldn’t….”

“Come on is the guy who gave you that necklace even here?” He was pressing his perceived advantage and revealing his ignorance all at once.

As he thought not posh enough to come here enough to know the rules. The fact that he was unknowing made it even better. “No…”

“Then I’ll catch you after the show alright? I’ll give you all the attention you deserve.”

Will bit the inside of his cheek to bring a sheen to his eyes. “Okay…. One more dance and then maybe we could go somewhere?”

“Anywhere you want sweetheart.”

Hook. Line. *Sinker*.

The timing couldn’t be more perfect and Will pulled away with a feigned reluctance and hurried to change. One last outfit from Hannibal’s private closet and he was going to have everything he wanted tonight.

“My what a spectacular show this evening.” Komeda purred as she watched Hannibal from across the table. Her two gentleman hadn’t spoken all evening though their gazes were attentive behind their shades. She cut an impressive figure classic with her sequined dress styled like a flapper and a luxurious fur coat. She had set it aside as the club warmed from the evening and revealed her long white gloves. She wore pearls and diamonds tastefully and without fear. No one would be foolish enough to attempt them.

Hannibal would normally think his club was free of foolish people. Something he took pride in. The unspoken rules that all knew and obeyed. Besides one glaring exception of course.

“Yes well Will does enjoy his work.” He gave as a noncommittal. “He’s a very independent boy.”

Komeda laughed “I see that. We all need someone with a little fire in their blood don’t you think? Besides I have had a delightful evening an I believe we have come to some satisfying agreements don’t you? Perhaps we can simply enjoy the last show.”

Hannibal gave a slow nod of his head. Indeed meeting with Madame Komeda was usually a pleasure. He enjoyed her frank honesty and her unapologetic ambition. She had taken over her family when her late husband had passed. He had sent flowers in condolences and celebration. She had been the one to dispose of him after all. “I agree. As always it is a pleasure doing business with you. Please help yourself to my hospitality. I’m afraid I’ll have to leave shortly after the last show.”

The amused look in her eye meant she would not be offended by the quick end to their meeting and he knew she had a soft spot for Will. That was why he had thought perhaps Will was going to join them earlier in the evening. He had been faintly surprised to see he was wrong and his emotions had only darkened from there.

The background music faded out meaning the last show of the evening was about to start and Hannibal steeled himself for whatever Will had planned next. He was sure that his boy meant to out-do himself and he had already quite a list going this evening.

“Will *no*.”

Will only smiled at her and gave a little wave as he hurried onto the stage. The music had already started but he had planned for a delayed entrance anyways.

He slinked out onto the stage and did a slow catwalk to the beat.

The French are glad to die for love

The beat picked up as the brass burst in and Will gave a sassy wink to the audience. He was wearing another long black robe this one sheer lace with feathers decorating the trailing hem and the long sleeves. He let the song pick up as he danced and looked over his shoulder and let the robe fall to the roar of the crowd.

He had on his black lace vest and shorts again from the earlier number. This time he had switched to nude stilettos that was only going to enrage Hannibal more; they were cheap ones Will had bought on his own just for times like this.

The beat was demanding and he had to step hard to get the show he wanted but he was getting it. He used his lean muscles to twirl up the pole rather than down in almost an illusion trick and then wrapped his ankles together and slid down with a red smile on his face as he held himself there and slowly peeled off the vest. Money was thrown at the stage and he dropped in a graceful movement to crawl along the floor to grab it and take it away. Just a reminder to Frank of what he was and what he did for a living. He'd been winding the man up all night with a demure f ace and a blatant flaunting of himself. The right bait for the right fish.

He looked at Hannibal's table and saw that once again his eyes were on him. He thought he could almost see the red in them but that only made his smile sharpen as he turned his attention back to the audience and to Frank.

He sat up and rolled his hips in a way that he knew Hannibal found vulgar outside of their bedroom and irresistible inside of it. He was wearing another little keepsake. A one piece that was nude lace against his skin and left nothing to the imagination. It was studded with crystals and glittered under the stage lights. The boy shorts were torn off and he let several hands linger on his arms and legs as he reached out as the chorus pounded through the speakers.

Diamonds are a girl's best friend

He looked naked under the lights and with the glittering crystals, disheveled hair and smeared lips he knew he looked wrecked in a way that was supposed to be for Hannibal's eyes only. He stood and did another tour around the stage. He tossed his hair as he gripped the pole and let himself slowly sink as he twirled.

He wanted everyone to see his bare neck.

Hannibal's grip was so hard on his glass it nearly cracked with the pressure. That little *tart*.

Not enough to lead some pig on at the bar.

Not enough to wear his special clothes for the undeserving masses.

Not enough to let strange hands wander over him. Leaving their t ouches and scent on his skin.

No...not enough for his boy when he decided to break all the rules.

To be flaunting himself onstage without his collar. Looking for all the world unclaimed and unspoken for.

That was *quite enough*.

He briskly excused himself from Komeda as the song finally came to an end and he strode backstage.

Beverly was waiting and she was looking at him with a leery expression. "He's just coming of stage now...I told him…" He held up his hand and shook his head. He knew well enough that she would have tried to corral Will's behavior. It was more than he could expect anyone to reasonably do and even he struggled with his wild boy as the night had proven.

“No need for apologies Miss Katz. Please enjoy your leave I think you’ve more than earned it.”

She needed no more permission than that to go running off. Most likely to escape the coming bloodshed. A wise woman in Hannibal’s opinion.

He could hear the shouts from here as he waited in the shadows. The roar of the masses, the cheers, the call for more of Will’s lewd displays.

The curtains closed and he heard the click of the insufferable vinyl heels against the boards. Will’s gait was light and he was no doubt high off of the feelings he got when he was on stage. He had certainly outdone himself tonight in Hannibal’s opinion.

Will’s eyes were bright with excitement and they stared straight a head but Hannibal could only look at the bare length of his neck. Where his collar was *supposed* to rest.

He reached out, his hand clenching around Will’s shoulder and pulling him over with little effort. He tripped lightly on his heels making it easier for Hannibal to slam him back against the wall and there was satisfaction in hearing him scrape against the concrete. “ *Will* .”

Will blinked as he regained himself, a little stunned from the impact but not surprised. He looked up at Hannibal who was looming over him even though his heels made them about the same height. “Hey… I thought you had work to do tonight? I hope I didn’t distract you too much.” His tone was sweet and nearly simpering but his eyes were daring Hannibal. Pushing him to see how he would respond.

He wouldn’t disappoint his boy.

“My business for the evening is concluded. Despite your best efforts. Now however I need to see to *you*.” His accent was clipped with anger as he looked over how Will had displayed himself. It was even worse up close and knowing that others had seen him like this before him. Had *dared* to touch him even when he provoked them. It was nearly incapacitating.

Will's hair was wild with curls, his eyes lined with dark liner that had smudged and made him look sultry, his lips were painted his favorite color of red but they were smeared as though he had been *kissing* someone. His body exposed through the nude one piece Hannibal had bought for him for his eyes only. The crystals glinted in the light like perfect stars and those trashy heels on his feet made his spine dip and curve as t hey pivoted him onto his tip toes.

He dragged his hand up Will's arm and tangled it violently in his hair to arch his head back and make his neck vulnerable to him. "And where my darling...is your collar?"

Will smirked, unafraid even this close to danger. His eyes were a bright challenge. "It didn't go with my outfit."

Hannibal snarled as he pressed his body up against Will's and thrust his leg between between Will's own smooth ones and ground it unrelenting against the half hard cock he found there. "You press me too much Will."

Will snorted and bared his teeth. "You've gotten complacent. I'm not some toy you take out just when you want. I am not some *doll* Hannibal."

"You think they can satisfy you? You think any of those men out there can give you what I can give you *Mylimasis*? Do you think *he* can?" Hannibal's words were growled against Will's ear as he bit down harshly on the lobe and then made his way down to Will's neck. If he insisted on being bare than Hannibal would desecrate and decorate him himself.

Will moaned into the bites , eyes closed and leaning his head back. This is what he had missed. Hannibal had been so distracted by work and the damn club he hadn't had his undivided attention in what felt like weeks. Really it had only been a few days but Will was spoiled. He refused to be put away until it was convenient. "No...but maybe I'll go out there and let them all have a turn to find out."

A harsh bite to his neck had him groaning and his cock hardened all the way. "I would kill all of them." The words were whispered in a hot fierce breath against his now sore neck and idly Will wondered if he was bleeding.

Hannibal's hands were hard on him as they roamed the soft fabric of the one piece and trailed over the crystals. Will knew that he was gearing up to tear it off right here behind the curtain where anyone might see or hear. Part of Will wanted that. Wanted to break down Hannibal so that he was so desperate for it he was almost primal.

But he had to remember the game.

He turned his head aside. "Maybe I want to see you prove it." He glanced at Hannibal "After all...he's touched me more than you know. But you were so busy with business maybe you didn't notice."

A hand was around his throat and cupping his jaw as Hannibal stood before him in his immaculate suit and an animalistic fury in his eyes. His lips were pulled into a tight line. "Show me."

Will smiled and gave a little laugh. He touched one hand with another, his arm, his shoulder...and then watched as he trailed his hands down right to where Frank had held him as he made his proposition. "He's touched me more tonight than you have."

His eyes were nearly glowing. "He wants to meet me after the show."

Hannibal removed himself from Will and pulled him towards his room. "Then my darling. We mustn't disappoint him. I have promises to keep to you after all."

Frank was right in the alley where Will thought he would be. He was in tight black jeans, back in his black heels, a torn up tank and a cheap faux fur jacket that never failed to set Hannibal's teeth on edge. His collar was back on and there was a bite mark high on his neck.

"So I see he paid you a visit after all." Frank sneered even as he fingered the little knife in his pocket. Fucking slut got their sugar daddy off but still came catting around for more. More

money, more attention. That type never changed. He was going to show the bitch just who and what he was. By the end of the night he would be begging for it to stop. Maybe he would be merciful. Maybe he wouldn't.

Will smiled. The thoughts were easy to read now that Frank thought he had him. Pathetic. Almost too easy. But again he was just a means, not the main point of the evening. Plus he was getting him off the street which was almost a community service. "He did. He wanted to say hello."

Hannibal stepped on silent feet behind Frank and gave him a shove into the wall that had his head bashing against the brick. Similar to how he had come upon Will but not near as gentle. Will gave a fake wince of sympathy and smiled.

"He didn't like me playing around. And I don't like how you looked at me or the girls." Will pulled his own knife out of his little secret pockets. Other uses indeed.

Hannibal was silent as he looked at the man Will had chosen for his game tonight. Subpar in every way, looks and manners, but that hadn't been Will's point. Will had wanted to teach him a lesson and removing this man was only a happy accident. He waited. His part in this had yet to be determined. He knew what Will wanted from him. He only had yet to decide if he was going to give it to him.

Frank pulled out his knife and bared his teeth between the two of them like a cornered animal. "Fucking bitch you're all the same!" He lunged at Will who deftly stepped aside. The streets were good teachers and Will had learned well. He had his blade ready in his hand and he was eager to start.

He nicked him with the tip of his blade. Merely cutting his cheap suit and watched with delight as Frank whirled away clutching his arm. Will tutted. He hadn't even drawn blood. Yet.

He looked at Hannibal who seemed content. Will wanted to pout but he knew that if he wanted a full scorecard he was going to have to work for it. He waited until Frank had gathered up enough courage to launch another attack. This time he let him.

Will hit the alley wall and winced as he felt blood drip down his back. He had hit his head one too many times tonight and his scalp could only take so much. Frank was grinning like he had won and he flashed his knife dangerously. “Now I’m going to fucking show you what you are.”

Will still has his own knife. An oversight on Frank’s behalf. Maybe he didn’t think Will would really use it. Maybe he thought he could frighten him enough to beg. Will pressed into him. “I thought you were going to show me a good time?”

Frank’s hands were sloppy on the catch of Will’s zipper. He was drunk, scared, and high off of his supposed victory. “Maybe I will. Maybe I’ll show your boyfriend over there all you’re really good for.”

Will rolled his head and looked at Hannibal with a raised brow. They were playing chicken now and Will was curious who would flinch first.

Hannibal had endured enough of Will’s games. He was aware that he was giving in to blatant manipulation but couldn’t find it within himself to care.

He watched as the man grabbed at W ill. Uncoordinated enough that he was struggling with even the flimsy excuse of clothes that Will wore and his hands perspired staining whatever he touched with his scent. He watched as Will merely relaxed. Content to see his game out and his knife glinting in the alley light.

“Is this what you want beloved?” He appeared behind Frank and twisted the man’s neck letting him drop to the ground like so much trash.

Will was a little put out. He wanted to see more blood than that but he supposed he could always try again next time. He looked up at Hannibal. Still leaning against the wall and spreading his legs in invitation. It never got old how naked Hannibal’s hunger for him could be. Moments like this he felt like the most powerful person in the city.

Hannibal prided himself on his poise and control. In the course of an evening Will had cleverly stripped him bare until he was only base desire.

“Well…” He drawled but it was cut of by hard lips pressing against his own and the sound of his clothes ripping. What Frank had struggled with Hannibal disposed of with his bare hands.

Will was nearly trembling with anticipation. This was what he had wanted for *days* . Hannibal desperate for him. No facade, no deliberation. Just need between the two of them. Will gave a needy gasp as hard fingers plucked at his nipples and a thick thigh was spreading him wider.

“If this is what you desire *Mylimasis*. You need only ask.” Hannibal whispered before biting Will’s lip and spreading that perfect shade of red across his lips.

“I thought I did?”

It wasn’t elegant. Will had prepared himself for this too and Hannibal growled when he found him wet and ready. Will was spread bare to the world, his heels sliding against the width of Hannibal’s back as he was lifted and held in place. Hannibal thrust into him with one m ovement . He felt dazed as he moaned loud enough for it to echo in the alley and onto the street. A hand covered his mouth and he was tempted to bite it but it squeezed him with warning. He had shared enough of himself with the world tonight.

Hannibal used him right there in the alley. Thrusting him against the harsh brick and making his body his home once more. His choking noises were muffled by the hand that could both create and destroy easily. His body covered by Hannibal’s whose suit gave them coverage but didn’t disguise what they were doing. Not that anyone would be stupid enough to look.

Will closed his eyes and let himself be carried away by Hannibal’s emotions. The raw desperation, the need, the possessive rage. All of it was a balm to the neglect he had imagined the last few days. Hannibal’s attention had never wavered from him. He knew that. He only liked to remind him that he had leverage of his own if he wanted.

He came with a sigh against Hannibal’s palm and the man above him stiffened and emptied into him. He hoped it was deep enough to stay in him until they got home. Maybe he had a

spare plug in his room to ensure it. Hannibal was far from done with him. He had given him four courses and he was sure that he had been keeping count. It was going to be a long night.

Satisfied Hannibal removed his hand and looked at the bruises already blooming on Will's face and neck. He wouldn't be able to work until they were gone and even then Hannibal felt too raw to share him. His beloved had indeed proved his point this evening.

He gave a soft kiss to the red lips mixing lipstick and blood. He traced his thumb over the curve of Will's cheek as he searched the clear blue eyes looking back at him. "I wish you wouldn't push me so."

Will smiled noticing the tension that left Hannibal's shoulders. "You like it too much for me to stop and I like doing it too much."

"Dangerous." Hannibal whispered his accent thick as he looked down the ruin of Will's clothes and body.

"Fun." Will replied. He shrugged on his jacket which had slunk down and he was sure there were going to be some nice scrapes along his shoulders. It was okay. Hannibal would patch him up when he was done.

"Reckless." He finished as he pulled out his phone to have the car brought around. It was time for them to depart and return home.

Will pressed into the heat of Hannibal's body and a heavy arm was draped acrossed his shoulders and he noticed that Hannibal's hand was playing with the collar.

"Perhaps it's time to give you a new one darling."

Will smiled and closed his eyes. There would be more to come this evening. But the itch that had been burning under his skin was finally quiet. So for now he would rest and save his energy. He could only imagine what Hannibal would make him wear in revenge.

It would be worth it. It always was.

This had been his design.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked it!

The Doll AU

Fire at the Graham Estate leaves family devastated…

The car pulled up to the drive and Hannibal took a moment to admire the old farmhouse. It was a classic statement piece of Southern American history. A sprawling two story home cast in Victorian features would have been the height of wealth at it's time. The white house stood out in stark contrast to the dark forest that surrounded it. One of the few places that hadn't been milled for every inch of timber they could find. Another nod to the power and influence that the family had wielded. A dilapidated barn stood several yards back and the yard around the house was tidy and well maintained. A showpiece compared to the working land that provided the wealth for the home. A garden by the kitchen door easily accessed by the main house and the remains of a chicken coop though long out of use.

The wrap around porch had a rocking chair and a swinging bench and a delicate collection of wind chimes sang in the breeze. In all a more picturesque scene would be hard to come by.

One of the first signs that the house was not all it presented to be was the lack of animals. A barn for horses that weren't there to run. A pig pen for swine that were absent. The chicken coop cleaned and bare of use. The only animals that seemed permitted to roam was a sizable collection of dogs that were friendly yet wary as the car slowly drove up the path. Dirt of course. The home honored it's homely roots and rich and poor alike in this area all had dirt on their boots.

Hannibal took a deep breath and scented dry wood and hay. He stepped out of the car as the driver removed his luggage from the back and he looked at flat land that ended at the trees. He wondered about the juxtaposition of tame farmland meeting wilderness but after a moment of consideration decided that it seemed the suit the house itself. If one didn't know about the fire that had taken place nearly twenty years ago one would never know it had taken place at all. The shell of the barn still stood. The only testament of what happened that night.

Satisfied with his superficial perusal Hannibal turned as the front door opened. The hinges were almost but not entirely silent. A robust man stood on the porch with an air of confidence that seemed to suit his stature. He wore dress pants and sturdy shoes, a clean shirt and a knowing smile. “Good afternoon Doctor Lecter.”

Hannibal studied him a moment before cordially offering his hand “Mister Crawford, thank you for the invitation. I appreciate being brought in on this unique case.”

The big man seemed to study Hannibal in return as he considered his words. His eyes darted down to the ground and he seemed to think carefully before he spoke. “In all honesty Doctor Lecter...I believe you were our only option. I’ve had several experts try to come and work on this house but as you can see…” His statement trailed off as he guested to the half open door and he cast a slightly challenging look at the Doctor. “No one has been able to solve it.”

Hannibal allowed himself a small smile as he looked at the slowly opening door. It could have been the wind. It could not be. He would determine more during his stay in the home. “I do have some experience in this area as you say. I am humbled to offer my services.”

They entered the house and Hannibal felt the air of anticipation building inside of him.

The house was as clean and well kept as the yard outside. The white walls looked freshly painted though no one had been living consistently in the house for over two decades. The dark wood furniture was polished, the elegant drapes brushed and the soft carpets vacuumed. The kitchen itself was a special delight. Wide and spacious with room to cook for a large family and though the appliances were old and possibly close to what the original home would have had they were expertly maintained and in fine working condition.

Mister Crawford poured them coffee in the sitting room as Hannibal set aside his briefcase and wandered the room. His hands clasped behind his back as he kept his face blank of any of the thoughts he might be having. He had no strong feelings one way or another. As with many houses in this case during the day it was less easy to get a read. Many spirits were stronger at night, or shy around new presences. It could take days or weeks for a spirit to gain enough strength or courage to make itself known.

His only current wonder was which of the two this spirit was lacking. Strength or courage?

Once the coffee was poured and prepped Hannibal settled himself on the sofa across from the armchair Mister Crawford had claimed for his own. A dark red velvet piece that seemed almost well worn in comparison to the rest of the pristine furniture. A clock chimed in the background and once again the man who invited him here was staring down, though not from deference as many might think. But in an effort to once again collect his thoughts.

“I know you have many cases like this under your belt. You come highly recommended from several of my colleagues in the field. However I feel I must warn you that this case is different. The Graham Farm is not like others you might have faced. I’ve been working with Will for sometime now. I’ve gotten farther with him than anyone has before. But even I have my limit and so I’m afraid I’ll have to turn the case over to you. The best advice I can give you Doctor is...be good to him, and he’ll be good to you. Be *bad* to him and...well I’m sure you’ve read the case file.”

Hannibal indeed had the file in his briefcase and he thought about the stories he had read in there. Where Mister Crawford seemed to fit the house in some way he knew that he stood out in distinct contrast. His fine suit and polished shoes, not to mention the brave patterns he wore, would have no doubt caused some stirrings in a town like Wolf Trap back in the day. Surely the family that used to live here would have had some opinions of a Yankee like him coming down and seeming to flash his *otherness*. Yet from his short time here he had gathered they would have been too polite to voice their opinions no matter how discreetly. He appreciated that sentiment.

“I have indeed. Thought it might be better to tell me more about your experience. There is much that a file cannot tell you and I respect the fact that you’ve gained so much ground here. I believe it had taken several case workers before they had even discovered the ghost’s name. Yet you almost seem to speak of him as a friend.”

Mister Crawford nodded his head along with the words. “I do indeed Doctor Lecter. Will and I have come to an understanding of sorts that works for both of us. But I’m afraid that I’ve gotten as far as I can with him. He needs more help in order to let go of the past and that is beyond my realm of experience to offer.”

Hannibal nodded and took a sip of his coffee. Well brewed and flavorful. He set aside his cup to savor it as he learned of Crawford’s progress. “Please enlighten me.”

Dark eyes stared at him for a moment. No doubt many had come to take over the position of ‘watching’ the house as they called it in their line of work. Yet Crawford had refused to let any of them. The house’s violent history had quieted over the three years Crawford had remained it’s guardian and he seemed to take personal interest in preventing it from repeating.

“Will likes a schedule. He likes *rules*. Most of the rules he’s come up with. Some of them I’ve suggested and we’ve found an understanding between the two of us. I would hope anyone who took over my position here would appreciate how much work that takes. Especially with a spirit like Will’s.”

Mister Crawford took a sip of his coffee and cleared his throat.

“After the fire the family came in to the possession of a doll that they treated like their lost son. You can see that we’ve provided a portrait of what Will Graham Jr. looked like at the time of his death. The likeness was startling enough. When the Grahams treated and referred to their doll as their son. Well many around here just figured the grief must have been too much. Especially for Missus Graham. She died about ten years ago and her husband followed shortly after. In their last Will and Testament they placed the house in the care of any who would look after and protect their ‘son’ with their passing. They also left a list of rules. Just a few. That were to be strictly followed. You can imagine of course the amount of family members and people who would jump at the chance of this place. Well they didn’t seem to take the rules very seriously and I’m sure you know the rest.”

There were several photocopies and newspaper clippings about the unfortunate events that happened the those that lived in the house following the Grahams’ death. Accidents, murders, suicides all seemed to coincide with ownership of the house until no one was stepping forward to claim it.

That seemed like a reasonable enough place to start. “What are these rules if you don’t mind Mister Crawford.”

A file that had been sitting next to the carrying tray was opened and presented. On a clean sheet of paper there were ten rules printed out in crisp type letter print that broke down the ghost’s demands.

1. No Overnight Guests

2. Don’t Cover Will’s Face

3. Feed Dogs

4. Never Leave Will Alone

5. All Dogs are Welcome

6. Read to Will Every Day

7. Tend the Garden

8. No Mirrors

9. Kiss Goodnight

10. Will Won’t Hurt Those Who Follow The Rules

Hannibal’s eyebrows rose delicately as he read the list. “I am assuming that last one is yours? That must have taken some convincing.”

Mister Crawford gave a self deprecating laugh. “You see the rules about the dogs right? That’s how I won that one. When the Grahams were alive he only had seven of those rules. Most of them do seem like something a child would write. But he’s serious about them. I find that keeping a regular schedule helps ensure that no one forgets their promises.”

Hannibal looked over the list again. “This seems fairly reasonable overall. It’s hard to imagine that there is not someone would could abide by them for the sake of this house and the property. His eyes lingered on Rules about being read to and a kiss goodnight. Those were indeed something a child would write, one that was longing for attention and affection.

A snort brought him out of his train of thought. “You would think. Most people last a month at most before Will gets too out of hand for them. I’ve brought you here to see if we can bring Will to peace. Maybe then we can get a real family into this house and bring everyone a happy ending.”

A happy ending. Indeed. Hannibal made sure that his expression was clear of his thoughts on the matter. Most of those who hired his services were only interested in *their* happy endings. They cared little for the ghosts and spirits as long as they were thoroughly 'dealt' with.

"That is another reason why you would have called me here. I am a Doctor of Psychology. You believe I can provide Will some sort of therapy to perhaps move on."

At this Mister Crawford said nothing and only looked at the Doctor over his cup. He gave a slow nod. "Will is very much like a child in some ways. I wouldn't assume to know what it feels like to be a little boy trapped in this house for twenty years. Family dead and gone. A parade of strangers coming into my home. Refusing to follow simple rules. He's confused Doctor and hurt. It's time he addressed those issues and moved on."

Hannibal considered this. He also considered that while Jack Crawford seemed to be a reasonable man he seemed to have a startling lack of imagination. Surprising considering their line of work and the things he must have seen during his time in the house.

"Very well. I think that's enough to start. If you don't mind I'd like to meet Will now."

Crawford seemed impressed but said nothing as he rose and gestured to the chair they had both been ignoring during their conversation.

"Will...You remember what we talked about right? This is Doctor Hannibal Lecter. He's going to be looking after you now."

The lights flickered in response. "Hey now. I told you I would be leaving but I'm not upset with you Will. I think Doctor Lecter might be a good match. Maybe you'll get along with him even better than we do."

The lights flickered again and they cast a strange expression on the doll's face. In a blink it looked as though the doll might be scowling. But it passed as the lights returned to normal.

The doll stood about three foot high dressed in clothes more similar to what Mister Crawford wore than Hannibal. He had small boots on his feet and tough trousers that suited a boy growing up in the country but matched the classic aesthetics of the house and the wealth of the family. He wore a button up shirt a plain white with black suspenders holding it tucked into place.

The porcelain was a creamy color and the doll had a faint tinge of blush on his cheeks that made him almost appear lifelike. His dark blue eyes seemed to follow one around the room and he was haloed by a wreath of dark curls that looked almost natural in comparison to the corkscrew curls one typically saw on a doll of this type.

Hannibal stood and approached the chair. Reaching out he shook one small fragile hand slowly. “Hello William. It is a pleasure to meet you. I hope we become very good friends.”

There was a pause with no response but the sound of creaks through the house caused Hannibal and Mister Crawford to turn at the same time. When they turned back the doll was sitting in it’s same place and seemed to have not moved at all.

Crawford blew a breath out of his nose. “He communicates in his own way. You’ll learn what stuff means eventually but best I’ve been able to figure out is that means he disagrees with you but isn’t going to do anything about it. It’s best not to push him too much when he gets like that.”

The anticipation that had been building in him since the moment he had arrived at this house seemed to catalyst inside of him as Hannibal felt the very energy of the house shift. It felt as though someone’s heavy gaze had landed on him and at the same time he saw Mister Crawford’s shoulders ease. “Well I think that means he’s going to let you stay. I’ll be in touch if you need any help but it might be best if you two sort yourselves out the first couple of days.”

Mister Crawford’s bags were packed and waiting by the door to be taken by the very same driver that had brought Hannibal. He picked up his two bags and seemed to settle something in himself before he turned to look at Hannibal before leaving. “You’ll do whatever you want. But my last piece of advice to you is don’t break any of the rules if you can help it. Trust me. He doesn’t like it. If you do feel the need to break a rule don’t pick the ones with the dogs. Pick something small that’s easy to fix. Something you can make up for.”

Satisfied that he had done his best Crawford loaded his bags into the trunk of the car and gave the house one last final look before whispering. “Take care Will.” He gave a brief nod to the Doctor before stepping into the car and letting the relief wash over him. He had been honest when he said he was fond of Will. He was also honest when he said he had reached the end of the help he was able to offer.

Now it was all in the famous hands of Doctor Lecter.

“God watch over us all.” He whispered as the car drove away and the sun began to set casting the house in a bright orange red glow.

Hannibal watched the car disappear down the drive and past where his eyes could see. His lips gave a slight downturn as he realized he had not been told which room he should stay in. Crawford was anxious to get out of the house that much was easy to discern. Yet his concern and care for Will seemed genuine. So it was not fear that motivated him to leave. Well. Perhaps fear of failure. He had made such remarkable strides with Will in the short time he had stayed here. Now that there had been no movement forward he might be worried that the entropy could not last and wanted to leave while on good terms. There was much to think about and more to discuss with Will when the time came. For now though they had a schedule to keep.

Text to the list of rules was a suggested schedule. He resumed drinking his coffee before looking it over. It broke down the simple day to day needs a boy of Will’s age would need. Wake up, breakfast, morning chores (he took this to mean taking care of the dogs), lessons, lunch, walk, lessons, evening chores (he would have to determine what this meant at a later time Crawford's notes were unclear), dinner time, reading and then bed. Simple, orderly and well rounded. He found that he liked this Will already.

He turned to the doll that had given no signs of life since the little expression when Crawford left. He studied the list again and then did a quick breath through his nose. “Well William. It appears that we are nearing our dinnertime. I consider cooking a hobby of mine. You’ll have to let me know what you do and do not like as we get to know each other.”

No response but he didn't expect one. In his mind it was akin to a child being sulky and silent in the presence of a new and unknown caretaker. Wanting to start on the best foot possible he decided to establish himself. "Will I want you to know that I have the utmost respect for your rules. I believe it has been very hard on you being out here all alone. Strangers coming in and touching your things. Living in your home. Disturbing your order and routine and rudely disregarding the little that you ask of them. I only hope that you will give me a chance to prove that Mister Crawford was right when he suggested I take this case on. Perhaps together we can reach and even greater understanding than you and he did."

Still no response but the weight of attention was back on him. He decided that was enough for now. "I'm afraid that I have not had much time to prepare a supper for you fitting my usual standards. We will have to have a little adventure in quick cuisine. Tomorrow I believe we will find ourselves better prepared."

He picked up the doll and entered the kitchen where there was an apron hanging neatly in the closet and a small one that he donned on Will. "Now I think since we didn't have any lessons today we will use our dinner preparation time as our education. The most important thing when cooking is mise en place. That means everything in it's place. I think you'll find you like the concept."

For dinner he prepared simple chicken over rice and a side of vegetables from the garden. He carried the plates out to the formal dining room where Will waited in his seat with a glass of milk sitting beside him. He set the plate down neatly in front of him and tidied the cutlery that had been placed on the white linen napkins he had found in a drawer. He took his seat at the head of the table and studied his plate for a moment before he decided it met his satisfaction. "Well William. Do you suppose we should say a prayer before we start?"

The doll's expression remained fixed and plain. The steam rose from the chicken and Hannibal decided there was no point in wasting their food. "Very well. Let us begin."

Quest for Camelot AU

Chapter Notes

Trying to keep my creative juices going! Hope you like this little idea!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He had been so *close*.

Hannibal fumed by the fire as he stared into the dancing flames and replayed the moments in his mind. In perfect clarity he could see his loyal griffin injuring the King and making off with the one weapon that truly posed any threat to him. He tensed. Refusing to show the men around him his ire. He would not show such weakness in front of them.

He had the other parts of his plan in place. The Lady Alana was his prisoner and to keep her new wife and child safe she would rise in front of the wagons so there would be no issue in breaking Camelot's gates. Even without Excalibur he could take on the King. Yet then his perfect symmetry would not be complete. He wanted to gut the King with his own sanctimonious weapon and anything less would simply not do.

He flexed his fingers as he imagined the hilt of the sword in his hand. He had thought it barbaric that the right to rule was decided by a weapon. For many the rise of King Crawford had been a noble and healing time. He and his village had not been so fortunate. Drafted into the King's army when he was little more than a boy he had quickly learned that under the thin veil of 'brotherly love' there were still those that saw he and his kind as *other* or lesser.

He and his people had lived in peace even when the rest of the land was in peril. The rise of Crawford had been the fall of magic. Was his wizard so threatened by other magic that he had led the crusade against the fae and other folk? Or was it the King's own bias? Hannibal had

never gotten the answer to these questions. All he had received was a burnt down village and a life serving under a King he hated.

For *ten years* he had served. For ten years he had been promised he could go home when his time was up. That day at the round table they had laughed when all he asked for was the land that his people called home. No more, no less. He had no intention then of building an army against the King. He had only wanted a place where he and those like him could once again live in peace. Like his sister and mother had before the knights came.

Instead he had been told he would be given a little farm in an undesirable stretch of land. Other knights who had served for less and had fought less nobly had received more. That was the day his anger had won. In a rage he had drawn his sword against the king and received a scar on his arm from Excalibur for his troubles. He had managed to kill and maim a few of the knights. One of them being Alana's first husband. Though she played the part of a grieving widow well she had no doubt been thankful that Mason had been the one to fall to his blade. Certainly not if it meant she and his sister could live in quiet peace with the son he manged to beget in her.

Perhaps if had approached it differently Alana would have helped him willingly. She had been given to Mason as a bride against her and her family's wishes at the King's order. Mason had been lucky enough to save the King in a moment of battle and had been granted a boon. Lady Alana with her family's wealth and prestige was the prefect prize for a single moment of good timing. Still he would not risk his revenge. He had forced her hand by holding Margot and Morgan in a separate wagon until they were inside the gates of Camelot. He would not risk a single hair of his plan falling out of place and that included Excalibur.

"We go into the forbidden forest." He ordered. He would take a select few of his men. Ones that could actually be trusted with such an important task. The rest could take the wagons to Camelot and meet at the valley. His magic, which he had never used while in service to the King now glittered along his arms in green light. It was a honed weapon now in the fifteen since his banishment. Crawford had grown content and lazy thinking that all was well in his Kingdom. He was also distracted by his beloved wife' sickness. While Hannibal had trained every day for this moment the King was at his weakest. The time to strike was now and he would not miss his moment.

The entrance to the Forbidden Forest was well marked. Too many travelers had seen it as a convenient short cut and had been lost. Hannibal looked at the sign and signaled for his men to follow. No doubt the forest was filled with many dangers, but he had not come this far in his revenge to be stopped now.

He lost three of his men simply *entering* the forest. The other two had run off and Hannibal would have killed them himself if he wasn't currently struggling against the vines that trapped him. He and his griffin would do this alone then. Fine.

"You have to relax."

A voice called from below and Hannibal stopped his struggles to see man wearing a simple gray tunic with a brown vest and breaches. His feet were bare and dirty against the ground. He had a long stick and a falcon sat on his shoulder. His curly brown hair was long and almost covered his eyes. He had his head tilted to the side and a small smile tugged on his lips. "They're choking vines. The more you struggle against them the tighter they squeeze. If you go limp they'll let you go."

There was no reason to trust this stranger. There was also no reason to doubt him if he was as comfortable in this forest as he seemed. Hannibal had no choice but to take him at his word and forced his body to relax and gradually the vines loosened.

He caught himself as he fell and whistled for his griffin to do the same. The creature was large and impressive, but also obedient. Trusting his master the beast followed suit and landed with all four paws on the ground unhurt.

"Thank you for your assistance." Hannibal said as he rubbed his wrists where the vines had been especially cruel.

"You're welcome. Now get out." The man turned to leave and the falcon kept it's eyes on the two of them even as he wandered off.

Rude. But also no one lived in this forest. If they did it was certainly not because they were fond of people. “Might I have your name? I find myself in your debt.”

The man stalled and tilted his head again. “Will. You can consider your debt repaid by leaving quickly. Visitors only cause trouble in this forest and I am not interested in whatever trouble you might bring.”

At this the falcon rustled on the man’s shoulder and gave a soft sound. The man turned to look as if the bird has spoken. “No.” He said simply.

“I have come to find Excalibur. It has been stolen from the King. He was attacked a few nights ago and the sword was lost. It’s last sighting was falling into this forest. I intend to retrieve it and bring it back to Camelot.” Hannibal used his words wisely. He prided himself in not lying to any. He had been lied to enough if in his life. However he was not adverse to sparse truth.

At this Will laughed and his face was lit in the dappled light of the forest. For a moment Hannibal’s breath was caught in his throat before he collected himself. “A blind man see’s more than his eyes.” Was all his said before continuing his path.

“Perhaps you would be interested in helping me retrieve it. I’m sure you’ll be greatly rewarded if you were to help me return the sword.” Again Hannibal had laid his words with truth but only half.

“I have no interest in the King or his rewards.” These words were said darkly, and Hannibal considered how a man might find himself blind living in the Forbidden Forest with only a bird for company. He smiled, knowing the man could not see it but that he would be able to sense it in his voice.

“What about revenge?”

That caught the hermit’s attention and he turned and looked in Hannibal’s direction with a raised brow. “Now that. That is interesting.”

Chapter End Notes

I'll try to update my main stories! Thank you all for reading and your support!

Mamma Mia A/B/O

Chapter Notes

My pandora went on a Mamma Mia! Binge and I couldn't help myself XD

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Three Months Ago

“There and done!” Abigail leaned back from her desk and smiled as she looked over the large stack of wedding invitations.

She eyed the last three that were spread before her. Her eyes lingered on them and her lips bent into a small frown. She heard her dad wrestling down in the kitchen and she tried to stop up the guilt that was welling in her chest. It was her big day. He said that over and over. It was her big day and she should have it be just the way she wanted.

He said that no matter what she asked for. Her wedding dress, the catering, everything she even hinted about wanting he arranged without any hesitation. He only smiled when she worried about the money and said he had been preparing for this day for a long time.

The little frown turned into a small sad smile. Ever since she was a little girl whatever she wanted he would make happen. When she got older and tried to help out more he would only shoo her away to go spend time with her friends. *You’re my little princess* he would say.

She felt so guilty. This was the one thing that he probably wouldn’t give her. The one thing he had always kept from her even when she was a teenager and would yell and fight. No

matter what she said. No matter how hurtful her words became. He would only smile at her and let her yell. The one thing he would never giver her was the answer to her most persistent question. *Who was her father?*

She felt a tear trace down her cheek. She hurried up and stamped the mail before putting it in her bag to take to the post office and drop off. She hoped he would forgive her. She hoped he understood.

Present …

“Oh my god you have to hide!” Her heart felt like it was going to beat out of her chest as she looked at the three alpha’s in front of her.

When she had sent the invitations she had thought maybe she would get a quick note back. Maybe a phone call or a gift. Somewhere inside of her she thought none of them would come. That none of them would even respond. They hadn’t come in over twenty years. Why would they come now?

Now she had all three of them and a very small inn to hide them in. “He can’t see you!” She whispered as she shoved them into one of the sheds on the property. She knew what she was saying made no sense. As far as they knew they had been invited to attend her wedding. They didn’t know that her dad had no idea they were here and had never wanted them to come.

“Hey can’t you explain what the hell is going on?” One of the alpha’s growled and she felt her own hackles raising in response. Being a female alpha she was used to male alpha’s trying to cow her. They just assumed that since she was raised by a single omega that she wouldn’t have the same personality as other alpha’s would. Her daddy had made sure she could prove them wrong.

“Look look...I’ll explain in a moment just...shhhh!” She waved at the men frantically when she heard the sound of her dad’s steps approaching. She sent them pleading looks to be quiet and hurried out of the shed.

“Hey Daddy.” She smiled as she looked at her father and tried to put her panic and guilt behind her. She had done it. All three of them were here. Now she just had to make sure her dad didn’t find out until she had talked to them.

“Hey honey bun.” Will smiled at Abigail and felt his heart well as he took in the beautiful strong woman she had become. He would never say that it’d been easy raising her on his own. It sure as hell hadn’t been his first choice. Yet he didn’t regret a moment of it. She and this Inn were his pride and joy.

“What are you up to?” He glanced at the shed behind her and wondered what she might have been looking for in there. As far as he knew there was only his old fishing gear but this wedding had her in more of a tizzy than normal. He’d found her crawling in all sorts of storage boxes and going through old things. He supposed it was normal that an event like this would make people sentimental.

“Oh just going through the old place again. You know when Marissa and I leave for our honeymoon it’s going to be just you here. Don’t you think you might get lonely with only the dogs for company?” She prayed that the men in the shed would just stay put. It was way too soon for them to reveal them here and she didn’t want to stress her dad out too much until she talked to him.

Will looked over her shoulder at the shed and thought he saw movement. He tilted his head as he considered the dirty glass but then realized it was just a reflection of a cloud moving. He shook his head. He'd been working extra hard on the Inn the last few weeks and now they were only a few days away from Abby's big day. He wasn't going to tell her but while he was going to miss her like his right arm he was going to sleep for a week once this was all over.

"I think I'll have my hands full. You and Marissa just have a good time." He smiled softly before pulling her into a hug and ruffling her hair like she was a little girl again. "I just want you to be happy okay baby girl?"

He felt her tremble against him and gave her an extra squeeze. He knew that it had been hard on her growing up with only a single omega as a parent. When she presented as an Alpha he had been honestly relieved. He wouldn't have to see her go through heats or be at the mercy of alpha pheromones. She could go through life on her own path. No one would get in her way. It was all he ever wanted.

"I'm going to go check on the guests okay? We have more people arriving today and I want to make sure they get settled in well. I have some old friends who should be turning up soon. I know you'll be happy to see them again. Alana, Margot and Beverly they're going to be here for about a week so make sure you spend some time with them." Will gave her hair one more ruffle before turning and walking back to the Inn. He hadn't been lying there was a lot of work to do.

Abigail watched him walk off before she hurried into the shed where the men were standing silently and watching her. She took a deep breath. "Look… I have a few things I need to explain."

Over twenty years ago in a small town by the sea called Wolf Trap there was an Innkeeper and his son. His son was an omega and ran a little wild but his father never stopped him from having his fun. He believed that a person's secondary gender shouldn't decide their gender and let the boy do as he would.

That summer he met a traveling doctor who was about to start his own practice. They spent long summer days and longer summer nights together. They talked about the future they would have. The dreams they wanted to fulfill. The things they wanted to do. Will had always wanted to do more than run the Inn like his father. He was in a band and wanted to travel the world.

The doctor was taken in by his winsome nature and dreamy eyes. Will saw a world beyond the one in front of him and the best way he could express it was through his songs. As the summer started to draw to a close Will thought that he would leave when the doctor moved on.

He found out he was wrong.

The doctor had a fiancee that he never spoke of waiting for him in Baltimore. It was a marriage that had been years in the making. The doctor sought prominence and in his fiancee he had found someone who understood his ambition and he love for fine things. Will was a simpler man. He loved the wind on his face, a good meal, and good company.

The doctor had started the summer thinking it would only be a fling before a long awaited marriage. Yet as the summer passed he fell in love with the younger man. When the time came to leave he finally told him the truth. He could no longer do him the dishonor of not telling him that he belonged to another. When he told Will it broke his heart. It also made him understand that they were very different people with different paths.

When the alpha doctor formally approached Will to court him he was denied. Will told him it had just been a summer of fun and neither of them needed to be so serious about it. The doctor believed his words and left to his waiting fiancee.

In the month's that followed Will tried to bury his broken heart and danced from one fling to the next. He never considered any formal courtships. Two of his lovers bore a striking

resemblance to the doctor but he never let his thoughts linger on it that long.

The second lover he took was another older man. He'd spent his life in the military and had come to the little seaside town for some peace and quiet. He stayed at the Inn for a week and during that time he and Will had become very close. They shared a few quiet nights on the beach and soon it was time for the solider to move on as well.

Then came the bad man from Bucharest. He was hiding and used the inn and the small town the lay low. He didn't say much besides curse and drink. He and Will's father shared many nights at the pub together before he found Will crawling into his bed. He knew that he was only being used to forget something. But when he looked at the boy with the stormy eyes he couldn't quite hold back the wish of something more. Soon it was time for him to leave as well. He was given no reason to say, so he didn't.

Soon Will was left alone with his aging father and the inn he swore he would someday leave.

Soon it was just Will and a little girl and the Inn.

Will never spoke about the girl's father. Who he might have been or where he might be. He didn't tell his father, the little girl or anyone who ever asked. He also never accepted any courtships no matter how well meant and earnest they were. He was content with his life alone and content to raise his daughter in peace.

Soon his daughter grew into a young woman who met an omega she wanted for her own. While planning her wedding she found her father's old journal's from when he was young. In them he described his true feelings. It was also there he wrote the names of the men that might be the little girl's father.

Hannibal Lecter.

Duncan Vizla.

Nigel Ibanescu.

One of those alphas was sure to be her father. She read about how her father had fallen in love with each of them. Yet after the doctor left he had decided to live his life alone.

Abigail bowed her head. “I know you have no reason to stay. Especially after finding out how you really got here.” Still she gathered her courage. “But if you came that must mean that what was in my dad’s journal’s was true! There were real feelings that summer. It was a long time ago but you still came!”

The three men looking at her had varying expressions.

“What the hell are you talking about? Will didn’t invite any of us?” Nigel fumbled in his pocket to find a cigarette and the older gentleman next to him began to light one as well.

“It seems...that one of us is your father.” The doctor spoke after considering all that had been said.

“Fucking what?!” The bad man spluttered as he looked at the girl with a new light.

The old soldier said nothing. He only smoked his cigarette and watched.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!

Rumplestiltskin AU

Chapter Notes

I had an idea so I wrote it :D hope you like this little thing! Somewhat inspired by a tumblr post!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal stared at the room full of straw and wondered if it was perhaps too late to kill Franklyn after all.

He was here because of him considering.

He and his sister had lived in their quiet estate out in the countryside. He was a man of knowledge and learning. He had passed some of what he learned to the villages surrounding them. Leading to plentiful harvests and prosperous seasons. An associate of his, the aforementioned Franklyn, was the son of a wealthy farmer. When they had issues with their crops over the summer Franklyn had come to him for help and Hannibal had assisted. It had been a small matter about crop rotation giving the soil rest between harvests. Yet the young man had become a very enthusiastic supporter of his. Telling far and wide of Hannibal's 'powers'. Somehow those stories had stretched to include his ability to turn straw into gold.

Word of this had reached their greedy king and in the dark of night the King's guard had come to his peaceful home and taken him away from his sobbing sister.

Now he was locked in a tower with piles of straw and a useless spinning wheel.

He looked at the straw and shoved a small pile aside with his foot. He supposed he had no choice.

His knowledge was vast and deep. He had learned much from science but also from magic.

He cut a deep slice into his palm and made a magic circle. It wasn't ideal that he was doing this so far from his study where he couldn't check against his books, he was also missing several of his tools that would ease his way. Yet he was faced with little choice.

He closed his eyes and visualized his library. His mind found the book he was looking for and he flipped to the pages he needed. Yes. This circle was correct. Now he needed an offering.

He had little on him. Taken away as he was he was only in simple clothes and had been given little in the way of sustenance. He looked down at his wrist and saw the band of flowers Mischa had made for him that afternoon. He had worn it all evening and had not taken it off.

He touched one of the petals gently before pouring a goblet of wine and laying the ring of flowers in the circle. It would have to be enough.

The moon rose fully and there was little else to do but wait.

Somewhere in the distance a church bell chimed midnight.

The small lantern he had been given flickered from an imaginary wind.

The shadows in the tower danced.

Then before him a figure emerged.

It was a man. Only a small distance shorter than him, with glowing blue eyes and wild hair. His clothes were simple a vest and tunic with pants, his bare feet were pale against the stone floor of the room. He shimmered faintly in the moonlight and he tilted his head to the side as he regarded Hannibal.

“Why have you called me here.”

Hannibal took a breath. This would take very delicate negotiation. Simply because he had been able to summon the creature didn’t mean that he would be inclined to stay. Without his other tools there would be no way to trap him. He would have to count simply on his good will.

“I am in need of your assistance.”

The creature continued his stare. “And?”

Hannibal thought over his words carefully. “I have only small gifts to offer for this great favor. I humbly request your assistance. The King has required that I turn all the straw into this room into gold.”

The blue eyes glowed for a moment and a curious feeling entered the tower. “Indeed.” He bent and picked up the bracelet and regarded it for a moment before opening his mouth wide and swallowing it whole. He licked his lips and then took the wine and drank deeply.

He closed his eyes and his aura glowed in the moonlight. “Your offering has been accepted. I will turn all the straw in this room into gold. With an additional provision.”

Hannibal tore his eyes away from the pale line of the creature’s throat. “And what would that additional provision be?”

The creature smiled and his teeth were much sharper than they were a moment ago. “My additional request would be your first born. It is customary after all.”

Hannibal considered his options and then nodded his head. “Very well.”

The fae creature gave a pleased smile and with a wave of his hand the straw gathered itself and was carried by invisible hands to the wheel that spun under it’s own volition.

The room expanded to include a bed and a roaring fire. The bed was adorned with soft sheets and rich velvets. The bed looked large and inviting. Hannibal’s eyes lingered over it before they traced over to the creature and he rose his brow in silent question.

The fae smiled, his teeth once again dull and human. “Shall we begin? I believe you said you would give me your first born.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!

Beauty and The Beast AU

Chapter Notes

> My internet has been unreliable but now that I have connection I'm trying to update the stories I've been working on! This idea came to me while I was brainstorming and I couldn't put it down! It's an idea of Gaston! Hannibal and Belle! Will with a few twists! Not sure if this will ever be a full work but I wanted to share what I had so far! Thank you!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Are you done primping yet?”

Hannibal gave a small frown as he kept his eyes on the mirror and adjusted his cravat minutely. When he was satisfied with the placement his eyes darted to his beloved sister standing in his bedroom doorway. “Abigail. I believe we have spoken regarding personal privacy?”

Unashamed his sister gave a bright smile and tossed her long brown hair over her shoulder as she looked him over with a knowing look. “At least I had the courtesy to wait until you were almost done. Besides what sort of sister would I be if I didn’t tell you that we were going to be late getting to the market if you took any longer? You know a certain someone is always there bright and early on market day. He doesn’t like the press of crowds.”

Hannibal considered her words before he regarded the mirror once more and was pleased. A clean white pressed shirt with a red vest and a black cravat suited his mood for the day. Something bold and daring. His hair was tied back neatly with a black tie and the end was very subtly curled. He hummed before conceding her point. It would all be for naught if the reason for it had already left the market by the time he arrived.

Abigail smiled at him before she hurried down the stairs. Most likely to join her sisters and make sure they were prepared for market day. In a small village such as this there was rarely much to look forward to. Market day and Church where the highlights of the week and only one really encouraged the type of socializing he was looking for.

He gave his black boots one last polish before he too descended the stairs. Awaiting at the bottom near the door were Abigail, Alana and Mischa. He looked them over and smiled happy to see that they were in the market spirit. Abigail in a fetching blue dress with her hair only partially tied back, Alana in a green that had a faint floral pattern embroidered into it, and little Mischa her favored yellow dress that was starting to show the faintest wear at the hem.

His lips turned down slightly and noted it was time for her to get fitted for a few new dresses. Her first season was a long way off, but he would not have his sisters going through the village in anything less than he could provide.

Alana smiled knowingly at him. “Hannibal stop fussing. She’s thirteen and most likely it’s going to be dirty by the end of the day anyways. Now let’s get going. We wouldn’t want you to be late.” The last part was said with a teasing smile as she donned her gloves and collected Mischa’s hand in her own.

Abigail giggled as Mischa looked up at Hannibal with wide blue eyes, her golden curls tied back with a yellow bow and innocently oblivious to his sisters’ teasing. “Is there something special at the market today?”

“Not something...Someone!” Abigail wrapped her scarf around her hair and opened the door. Their estate wasn’t too far from the main village and it suited them just fine to walk. Wealthy though they might be they weren’t the type to put on airs.

Besides. Will wasn’t impressed with things like wealth and power.

Hannibal ushered his sisters through the crowded street. All the stalls were out and open. Bright streamers and friendly calls to attract customers. Alana took charge of the large basket leaving Mischa and Abigail with smaller ones to fill with whatever caught their eye. The

younger sisters wandered but Alana regarded her list carefully as she moved along the stalls. There were a few servants that helped maintain the estate but once a week Alana savored picking out special supplies. Meat that would be delivered later from the butcher. Fresh bread from the baker. A few odds and ends that she knew they needed or new items that caught her eye. They lived comfortably mostly due to their wealth and also because of their discretion.

Mischa called happily from a toy stall and Abigail went to see what she was waving. A doll with a porcelain face in a dress that matched hers and golden hair turned into large round curls. Abigail laughed and turned her smile to the merchant and began digging through her purse that hung delicately from her wrist for a few coins.

Hannibal observed all of this pleased but removed. The person he was seeking didn't appear to be here and he gave a small frown in disappointment. He turned to review a stall when he finally caught sight of his elusive prey. He glanced at a polished pot hanging in a stand and reviewed his appearance. He looked dashing in his own opinion. But it was another opinion he was seeking.

Will wandered down the crowded market street and held his basket close. He only needed a few basic supplies for the week and he gave a grimace of annoyance that he wasn't able to leave earlier. He sighed and tried to avoid catching anyone's eyes as he hurried to the baker's stall. His true purpose for coming the market would be a small storefront towards the end of the street. His reward for venturing out from his small house.

He moved to avoid someone passing by but frowned when they moved back into his path instead. He glanced at the shadow and recognized the cut of the figure before his eyes wandered up to those of a familiar Count.

"Will it's good to see you. I was afraid I might have missed you this morning." Count Hannibal Lecter only stood a few inches taller than Will but the way he held his posture made him seem as though he were towering over him.

Will gave a small sigh and adjusted his basket. "Good morning Count Lecter." He gave a small nod of his head and moved to step around him.

Once again his path was blocked.

“You’re in such a hurry Will...I was hoping we might be able to walk the market. My sisters are well occupied and I find myself needing company.” He gave a charming smile. “I believe last time we spoke I invited you to use my christian name.”

Will nodded. He remembered. “Thank you. I think it best if we don’t become too familiar though. I would hate for rumors to spread.” The last remark was said a bit darkly. Small towns like this there was little else to do but work and talk. Will’s skills might be needed but there were always wagging tongues that followed him.

Hannibal’s expression changed subtly to one of seriousness. “You know if you told me who was bothering I would offer to take care of it for you. Your abilities keep our town happy and safe. They should be honoring you, not chastising you.”

“I appreciate that my lord. Still I must be going.” He finally was able to maneuver around the Count and hurried down the street. He had enough of what he needed for now and he could always get more later. He wanted to get his treat and return home. He’d had enough socializing today.

Hannibal watched Will walk off and there was a slight turn to his lips as he was dismissed. Rudeness was uncommon in his life. He was used to being treated with deference and respect. Will was one of the few that ever talked to him so and for the life of him he could not find it anything but charming on the local witch.

“That went well.” Alana’s voice same from his side and he turned giving her a small real smile.

As the eldest and without their parents much of his sisters’ care had fallen on him at a young age. The title and the responsibility of his siblings had made him more reserved than he used to be. Alana was the oldest of his sisters, only a few years his junior. She had become somewhat motherly before her time and she was the only one he allowed to dote on him. “Yes well… I suppose there is always next week.”

Will was nothing if not a creature of habit. He only came to town on market days and only long enough to arrange and gather whatever supplies he might need until the next one. He was absent from the weekly church services but that was only to be expected. Will was on good terms with Minister Crawford and the Minister was one of the few people regularly welcomed to Will's house and his table.

"Maybe you should try to approach him a different way." Alana looked over her basket and gave a hum of satisfaction. There had been many good choices today and she was happy with her gathering. A little farther down they saw Abigail and Mischa gathering to look at some of the animals that were being put on show. In her own mind Alana saw it being only a short time before they had a pet. Despite Hannibal's general fussiness he had a difficult time refusing his sisters much of anything.

Hannibal turned and regarded her. "And how do you suppose I do that?"

Alana looked at a nearby stall bursting with flowers. "Something small to start with Hannibal. None of your grand gestures he's not going to appreciate that. Just something small and sincere alright?"

Hannibal followed her gaze and when he sighted the flowers his eyes started to faintly glow and a true smile curved his lips.

Will was an unusual creature. Perhaps it was time for a different approach.

Alana caught his wandering eye and her shoulders drooped as she gave Hannibal a despairing glance. "Please Hannibal…*restraint*."

The count paid her no mind as he strode off with large steps to the flower stall and began arranging a special delivery.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading my little idea!

Genie Hannibal

Chapter Notes

> Trying to get back in the habit of writing and using this to help! A little idea that came to me when I watched The Wish Dragon on Netflix! Might be a little OOC but I hope you like it anyways!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal had not led a kind life.

He had been powerful yes. His domain over the lands was absolute and there were few who opposed him and none with the actual strength needed to be a threat. He had lived a long life accumulating power and wealth. His people were well fed and cared for but fearful. It was a delicate balance but one he perfected with calculated displays of violence.

When he lay dying on his death bed he was only marginally surprised at the lack of mourners. He had no children though had appointed an heir. One as determined as him to see their people flourish and their enemies wither. That meant he had little time to linger by the bedside of an old man waiting for him to die. Hannibal understood of course.

As he lay in his bed. Old and his time well spent he could not help but think about his little sister. The one who had died so young because of the selfish greed of their enemies. He did not regret the choices he had made after her death. Sometimes when he was younger he wondered what she would think about his iron fisted ways. Yet as he got older those thoughts faded. Dead was dead. Punishing their enemies would not bring little Mischa back, but it did give him satisfaction and he had learned to content himself with that.

Now he was dying and his thoughts lingered on her. He wondered if he would see her in the next life. Most likely if there was one they were not destined to the same place. She had lived

a young and blameless life. He had the blood of countless numbers on his hands. Either through direct action or the orders he gave his men. That too suited him well enough. Wherever his spirit ended he was sure he would do in that life as he did in this one. Gain power and conquer.

When the last breath left his lungs he was greeted by a white light. The gates of the afterlife loomed before him and he took a step forward only to have his path blocked.

Blocked by someone he had only half hoped he would see again.

Mischa stood before him. Looking young whole as she had been before their enemies had secluded them in a cold castle with little in the way of food and supplies. Her cheeks were full and not withered by hunger or hardship.

“Mischa.”

She smiled at him. “Hanni.” She looked sad and her eyes were older than her little frame should have.

“I was not sure I would see you again. It is a great honor to be given one last look before I go where I am destined.”

This seemed to intrigue her. “You don’t think you’ll be with me Hanni?” Her voice was small and curious but the wise light never left her eyes.

“I am used to life being hard and unfair. Yet in the afterlife I had hoped there would be some justice. If one who has lived as I have is destined to rest in the same halls as you then there is none in either life.”

At this she shrugged. “You did good things Hannibal and you did bad. You made great improvements for your people yet desolated your enemies. You were not loved but you were not as feared as you thought. Your life is a delicate balance whether you see it or not.”

Hannibal said nothing. If she had seen his life or seen his deeds weighed on a great scale there was little he could say. He had no justifications for his actions only that he did what he did because he would not risk feeling small and helpless again.

She smiled as if he had answered anyways. “They’ve decided to give you a trial Hanni. To see if there is a way for you to tip the balance of your scales and come out one side or the other. To see if you can learn.”

A frown crossed his features. “Learn what?”

The great white light encased them both as Micha’s childish laugh echoed around him. “Now that would be cheating Hanni.”

His fate it seemed was to serve ten masters. Ten masters with three wishes each. He could grant the wishes in whatever way he pleased but the wish had to be fulfilled. There were only a few rules. He could not make anyone fall in love, he could not bring back the dead, and of course...no wishing for more wishes.

His prison was a fine teapot. Elegant and stately. The space inside was dull but he had learned over time to magic certain things. It took a little bit of concentration and focus. But soon he had rooms comfortable enough inside of his cell and he passed the years pondering and reflecting.

Whatever lesson he was supposed to learn was dulled by the masters given to him. They were unimaginative and crude in their wishes. Wealth was an easy one, the death of an enemy was also common. At first he granted the wishes simply to be done and move on to his next master. After awhile it amused him to see how much he could twist the wishes.

Sudden wealth came with suspicion. Death of an enemy would have incriminating evidence left behind. Some were able to avoid these punishments. Others were not. Some were forced to use more wishes to avoid the outcomes.

It amused him but he wondered what he was supposed to learn from this that he already did not know. At their core humans were greedy and heartless. Sometimes he was moved to provide actual assistance, ever mindful of the scales he would face when these trials were over.

He could not force people to fall in love, but he could give advice and with well thought out wishes change circumstances. He could not bring back people from the dead but he could provide closure. His teapot after all was a bridge between worlds. A conversation with a dead one was not the same as bringing them back he learned.

And so time passed.

Nine masters and none of them had taught him anything. Nine masters and he wondered what he would face when his time was done. Nine masters and his opinion of humanity remained unchanged.

Until Will Graham. Or rather his ninth master Franklyn Froideveaux.

“I just don’t want to be alone anymore Hannibal. You’ve given me riches but I still have no one to share them with! What am I going to do with my last two wishes if you can’t help me find someone to fall in love with me?”

Out of all of his masters Franklyn was unique in the sheer amount of *whining* he did. Hannibal regretted not hiding any strings with the sudden accumulation of wealth. He was trying to be kind but also get this master done quickly so he could move on to his last and final service.

“You asked for wealth Franklyn and I have given it to you. More than you could ever need. I’m sure there are many who would like to be friends with you simply based on that alone.” It was callous but his patience with this master was running thin.

“I want Tobias to love me because of me! Not because of my wealth or some wishes! Even with magic I’m hopeless…” Franklyn trailed off as he blew his nose in a rather unsightly manner. Hannibal was of the opinion that Tobias didn’t even like Franklyn though he was unsure of why he lingered around the man if that was the case. This was even before Hannibal had made him wealthy.

“Perhaps a wish to make you more charming? That would aid your social encounters.” This was half said in jest but at this rate Hannibal wondered if he would ever finish with this master.

“But then it wouldn’t be *me*!” Another sniffle into a handkerchief and Hannibal wondered if it were possible for him to get a headache even with no body.

When he appeared to his masters he appeared as he did in his prime of life. A small dash of silver at his temples blending with his blond hair. Tall and well built as he had been a warrior king. His clothing changed with the times but he preferred the fine suits that were common in this last century. Bold patterns that reminded him of the formal clothing he had worn in his court.

He stood at attention as Franklyn paced and counted his steps. He would not be rude to his masters though sometimes the missed the barbs in his words. That he supposed could be excused when one lived in a teapot for thousands of years.

“I just wish I knew what to wish for!” Franklyn shouted and then gasped as he covered his mouth. “Wait I didn’t mean!” But it was too late his hands were on the teapot and Hannibal had no patience left.

“As you wish Master.” His eyes glowed and he touched Franklyn’s temples. The man was sweaty from his emotional outburst and Hannibal broke the connection as fast as he could.

“Wow...that actually helped!”

“Happy to be of service sir. Now for your final wish?” Hannibal was able to keep his tone level through discipline alone and the thought that as soon as this wish was uttered he would be freed of his most tiresome master yet.

“I wish...I wish I had a friend who would always be loyal to me and always happy to see me.” There were still tears in his eyes and snot in his nose but Hannibal looked past all that and decided he would give this pathetic man one more bit of mercy. He did after all pull a little trick with the second wish. And his third wish would not be quite what he imagined.

“Very well master.”

Will was walking the shelter dogs down the street and keeping an eye on them as they passed people. They had their ‘Adopt Me!’ Bandannas on and many people stopped to pet them or look them over. It was a good way to find them homes and also advertise for the shelter.

Jack had let him take a week of leave after the last case and he was happy to be out and around living breathing people who wanted nothing from him other than information about the dogs. It was a system he had developed to help him with the bad cases. Being alone in his little house in the sticks made it too easy to relive what he was trying to put behind him. Being around too many people became overwhelming. This however was nice. Plus it gave him the excuse he needed to look up Beverly for lunch and talk to her about something other than decomposing bodies and bugs.

He was turning the corner when a man ran into him. It unsettled to dogs but they were quick to sit as he got his balance back.

“I am so sorry! I should have wished for grace or poise I suppose but I never think of these things until after the moment passes!”

Will looked up to see a man dressed in a slightly too tight garish suit and he looked as though he had been sweating recently. His face seemed to be stuck in some sort of puppy dog expression and he wrung his hands as he looked around anxiously but didn’t offer to help Will steady himself.

It was always interesting to meet someone more socially awkward than him.

“It’s fine. The dogs were the ones I’d be worried about but they seem to like you.” He smiled as one dog Cheddar nosed the man’s hand and gave it a little lick with a hopeful wag of his tail.

“I hope you don’t have any cheese on you. That’s Cheddar he’s a bit of a glutton when it comes to treats and we named him after his favorite one.”

Cheddar was a corgi with a bit of a weight problem and odd spots on him from whatever he was mixed with. Will was surprised he hadn’t been adopted yet but some people didn’t like mixes that *almost* looked like the dog they wanted.

Franklyn looked down at the dog and smiled. “Well...I was told if I walked around this corner I would find a friend who would be loyal to me and always be happy to see me. This isn’t quite what I imagined but…” He looked at the bandanna around Cheddar’s neck “He’s available?”

The man was odd Will had to give him that. But he seemed so excited about Cheddar that he couldn’t bring himself to care. “Sure is. Follow me back to the shelter we can get his paperwork all settled for you.”

That night when Franklyn returned home with Cheddar and a generous amount of supplies and fine cheese he looked around for the teapot that Hannibal resided in and found it missing. It was a shame. He had imagined a human as a friend but Cheddar was already the best friend he’d ever had including Tobias. He wanted to thank Hannibal even if he couldn’t summon him anymore. Then Cheddar barked for his dinner and the rest of the night his thoughts were focused on him.

“Wow Hanni you were actually nice to him.” Mischa appeared from time to time to talk to him and ask about his Masters.

He gave a small tilt to his head. “I find no joy in punishing those who punish themselves enough already.”

He poured them each a cup of tea even if neither of them could truly drink it. He was determined to not let his imprisonment make him a barbarian.

Mischa wandered around his room. “The other’s say that it’s odd you’ve been able to do all this. Most of the time when they have your fate people are trapped in a blank empty space. You’ve done well Hanni.” She smiled at him as she took the tea cup and blew on it even if no steam arose.

“Thank you.” He looked around the room that looked like a study with books that sometimes only had blank pages and other times had his favorites written in. He had not yet perfected always making the words appear for him to peruse. The fire was lit and gave off a cheery glow but no warmth. He was never hot and never cold so it was more for ambiance. He had not been able to summon windows. The walls were covered in wallpaper he had seen in France during his third master, or rather mistress, and he had taken a liking to it. He supposed even if he could make the windows appear it would take too much concentration to make them look out onto a field or garden. He was content with his space and pleased to learn he was unique in his ability to manipulate it.

Mischa watched him from the fireside. “You only have one master left Hanni. Your scales are still pretty balanced. Even when you pull mean little tricks.” She laughed thinking of how he had used Franklyn’s second wish. It had been a trick yes but had helped the man pick his third wish wisely. The scales shifted endlessly.

“Then I suppose I will be very generous and kind to my next master. For his first wish he will want wealth and I will give it to him in a way that causes no problems, for his second wish he will most likely want some enemy taken care of or find a way to be more appealing to someone, for his third wish he will ask for something that he thinks is unique but will have something to do with health for himself or a loved one.”

Mischa smiled. “Your master’s really haven’t been doing a good job of teaching you much have they?”

Hannibal regarded her “You and I both well know that humans as a whole are unimaginative and selfish. Why should my last master be any different?”

Mischa seemed to perk up at that. “Why indeed.” She smiled a little to herself. “I’ll see you again Hannibal after this last master. Try to be good to him okay? I want to be able to see you soon.”

She vanished and Hannibal was left alone in his self made study. He turned and looked at the wallpaper. His sister might be wise from her years of death. Yet she still held some sort of hope in humanity he could not possibly understand.

Humans were all the same and his time of service had only proved it to him.

Will walked to his car happy with how the day had gone. The man who had adopted Cheddar was odd but he had seemed so happy to have found a friend and Cheddar seemed excited when the man mentioned going to a cheese shop after the shelter. He smiled to himself it always made him happy to see a good match up. Now he had to go home to his own dogs and their far less glamorous dinner.

He was surprised to see a little girl standing by his car. She had on a dress that looked old but he hardly ever paid attention to fashion. She had long blond hair that was almost white and it was so straight it moved as one shimmering sheet when she turned to her head to look at him.

He stood awkwardly with the keys to his car in his hands. “Excuse me miss...can I help you?”

She brightened as she looked at him. “I think you can Will Graham.” She gave a small smile and held out a teapot for him. “This is for you.”

Confused and a little cautious Will hesitated in walking closer. “I’m sorry… Do I know you?”

She laughed and held out the teapot “Not a bit. But I just wanted you to have this. I think you could be of great help.”

Will started to back up. “I’m sorry...I don’t think I understand. Maybe you have the wrong guy?”

He turned to walk away but she was right in front of him when he turned around. The hairs on the back of his neck stood up in warning as her eyes seemed to glow as she held out the teapot once more.

“No I’m quite sure you’re the right one.” She let go of the teapot and Will caught it on instinct before it could shatter.

When he looked up the girl was gone and there was only her voice in the wind. “Have a good evening Mr. Graham.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading I hope this helps me get back on track with my other stories!

Hell's Kitchen AU

Chapter Summary

I've been trying to get back in a good writing routine and this short story collection is a good warm up for me. Also I've been watching a lot of Masterchef and Hell's Kitchen XD Hope you guys like this little idea :)

Hannibal pursed is lips as he looked over the five chefs assembled before him. He had worked with them for weeks. Narrowing them down from twenty to these five. He was nothing if not critically honest with them. It had been weeks. He had known them to serve good food, he had known them to make disasters. He was cautiously impressed with the group assembled before him though there were only three he seriously considered making it to the final.

He stepped into the back as the newly made black coat team prepared for the restaurant to open. His sous chefs were overseeing them and for the moment he would take the precious minute to collect himself. He was known for being to the point. He never raised his voice. He never shouted. He merely let his displeasure be known with the smallest twitch of his facial features. At the very least these chefs had learned that much. The *very* least.

He took a small breath and Anthony found him. “Well Chef we are about twenty minutes from opening. How are we fairing?”

Hannibal gave him a small raised eyebrow in answer. He had done this show as a favor to a friend he was wondering if the favor had truly been with it. The favor had been small in his eyes. He doubted it was worth this indignity.

Anthony laughed. “Well if it makes you feel better a certain someone is going to be coming by tonight.” He gave a charming smile as he saw a light come on in Hannibal’s eyes.

Hannibal was a man who kept things close to his chest. Yet Anthony had worked with him for nearly ten years and he knew there was only one person that Hannibal wanted to see right now. Though perhaps not in this situation.

"Is he?" Hannibal's voice warmed at the thought of his special guest. "Well then. We had best get to work then." He paused and thought this would make a very interesting test for his last five remaining chefs. "Don't tell them who he is. Give him the table he prefers." The one in the back with as much privacy as a show like this could provide. Though of course Hannibal wanted him at the Chef's table he had a feeling that Will would understand the game being played.

Will stepped out of the car and glanced at the showy restaurant front that was lit up with lights and a red carpet leading up to it. He gave a small snort and wondered if it was too late to turn around and go home to his dogs. This was a waste of time. But he was here. Besides he had already told Anthony so that there would be a table for him. God forbid he had to sit at the *Chef's* table as Hannibal put on this show.

He walked down the carpet and ignored the flashes of light. He squinted through his glasses and hurried through the doors. Anthony met him with a bright blinding smile that was nearly as bad as the camera's outside and it did take some of the weight off of his shoulders. "Will! It' is so good to see you! Hannibal will be very happy to see you!"

Will gave a small laugh as he was shown to a private table. Small and out of the way, nestled in shadows with a few candles lit and a glass of wine already waiting for him. "I doubt he will have much time to see me. I've heard how this group is doing. Did Komeda really call in her favor for this?"

Having Will around after the intensity in the kitchen was a welcome relief. Anthony knew that time was limited but he could spare a few moments to make sure that Will was settled in comfortably. He was sure that Hannibal wouldn't mind. "She will of course not discuss the nature of the favor that she did for Hannibal that had him owing her so greatly. But she considers her amusement more than enough to cash in her chip."

Anthony looked to the kitchen and saw Hannibal was striding about the front giving quiet last minute orders to the teams. As if sensing his guest maroon eyes darted over to the table and

they softened even from a distance before turning back sharply to his team. “He no doubt is very pleased and embarrassed to have you here. The chefs are also part of our serving staff. I will apologize in advance for any rudeness they show you. Part of the challenge tonight is to serve table side.”

Will was dressed in his usual clothing despite showing up in Hannibal’s Bently. “I have no doubt that rudeness is short lived in Hannibal’s kitchen.” He wore jeans, boots, a flannel and a faint layer of dog hair despite his best efforts to lint brush it off.

Everyone else in the restaurant were wearing suits and dresses. Diamonds and pearls. And there was Will in a green wool flannel and the faint scent of wood smoke from his cabin still lingering on him.

It was sure to be an interesting evening.

Genie Hannibal Pt 2

Chapter Notes

> Hi everyone!!! I've finally got a regular work schedule and more reliable time to write so I'm going to do my best to keep updating my stories and working on things! Thank you all so much for your patience I really appreciate it and I'm very happy with how things are going! Hope you all are doing well!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

To say that Hannibal had not been impressed with his last nine Masters would be a vast understatement. He had assisted Kings and Queens, peasants and diplomats. People of wealth and stature and those who had little or nothing. Yet all of their wishes could easily fall into three categories: Wealth, Power or Knowledge, and Health.

There had been Masters and Mistresses who had surprised him of course. From time to time it was bound to happen that one would use a wish for another's gain or benefit. Those were few and far between but for their rarity he did grant them without any of his usual tricks. There were also those who took those wishes to extreme. For some he was cruel, for other's granting the wish itself was a kind of cruelty. It was merely what his idle mood was that decided.

He paced the walls of his self constructed study and trailed his fingers alone the leather spines of the books he collected. He tried not to read them too often. This space he created was fickle as was his own nature and he had learned early on that reading them too often meant he was frequently left with blank pages. If he waited for longer then more likely the books would be filled with the words that helped erase his endless solitude.

Instead he let his mind ponder over Master's and Mistresses of the past. A small cruel smile curled his lips as he thought about the one who wished everything he touched would turn to gold. His lust for wealth had been so all consuming that he had delighted in it, mad with the power until it had cost him his greatest treasure: his daughter. Of course he needed to use his

last wish to release her from her gilded prison. It still brought dark pleasure to his heart to think that while he had been able to do so the man would never be able to touch another person again. He could see his daughter, speak with her, yet never touch or embrace. When she got older and married he would never be able to hold his grandchildren.

Mischa had been apathetic about that one. He thought perhaps it would have tipped his scales again; instead she said that it was through no trick of his own that the man's life would be filled with misery and isolation. He had wished and Hannibal had granted it. That was his duty to his Master's. Perhaps he could have bent the wish so that the man was able to control it. But he had been insufferable and not worth the kindness in Hannibal's eyes.

Then there had been the Master who had wanted to live forever. Hannibal had only hesitated briefly with that one. He had asked for eternal life, not eternal youth. That day however he had been feeling generous and so included it with the wish. The man had then been forced to watch as his family and everyone he knew wither and die. He would never know the final adventure of life which was its sibling death. He would wander the earth until time unspent and forever be alone.

There had been a Mistress, a Queen, who wanted all of her children to marry prominent families of wealth and stature. Kings and Queens for all of her children. She herself had been a great leader, wise and tactical. She loved her children and thought securing such marriages would ensure that they would all be content and happy for the rest of their lives. An arranged marriage wasn't the same as a love match so Hannibal had seen it done. Despite that her children still suffered. One even met her end at the guillotine. Again nothing Hannibal himself had anything to do with. Nothing even that he could have prevented. His scales remained unshifted and balanced.

It reminded him of a curse he had heard once. One that as time with his Master's wore on that he came to see the truth in: May all your wishes be granted. A truly terrible thing to happen to a person.

Now he merely waited for his last master to summon him. He took his seat by the fire and stared into the flames. They were lifelike and detailed, but he could see the patterns repeating. He didn't mind. It was soothing. With this last Master he would finally be free to resume whatever fate had decided for him. He longed to be with his sister, but he could not help his nature. Even when he tried to be kind there was always a cost. He supposed he could not be blamed for not thinking of everything when granting a wish. It was not as if he had time to think them over; once they were uttered he was compelled to grant them. Sometimes he was clever enough to grant it in the way he wanted, other times he merely held to the

wording of the wish. A coin flipped in the air each time to see if it would be granted kindly or cruelly.

He did not feel it when his container shifted in the human world. He never saw if his Master's lifted the lid and looked inside. He was in another dimension, another space. His teapot could be used for proper tea and it would not affect him at all. The only time he entered the human world was when his teapot was held and the words "I wish…" were uttered. After that he could linger if he wanted, it amused him to see how the world had changed between Master's. Sometimes it was years or even decades. Once it had been nearly three hundred years until the teapot had been taken from a lost discarded box and put on display. Always a chance of fate, never any design he could determine.

So he sat on his chair and looked at the flames and waited. Soon his trial would come to and end and they would see what would become of him. An interesting thought, but one he no longer lingered on. His life would end as it would end and there was nothing he had learned from this trial that he had not already known. Humans were greedy, selfish and careless. He himself had been no exception when he had been alive. It seemed far too late to learn anything different now.

He felt a thrum through his domain and realized it was already time to be summoned by another Master. He was only mildly curious to see what awaited him with this one.

Will had gone back home to Wolf Trap and placed the teapot on a high shelf hoping that neither he or the dogs would destroy it. It still seemed odd that the little girl had known his name and had given it to him in the first place. He shrugged it off and decided that it was probably the fanciest thing he had in his house. He had put it there last night absently and hadn't looked at it again throughout the day.

He wasn't due back to help with the shelter dogs for another day or so. He was a volunteer and they understood that with his work schedule he could be called in at any time; even if he was supposed to have a week off between cases. That hadn't stopped Jack before and he doubted if it ever would.

He frowned as he looked at the teapot on his shelf. It looked a little out of place and frankly ridiculous but he decided it at least deserved a wash before he put it on a shelf and forgot about it. He thought that maybe Alana would like it. It seemed like something she would actually use and appreciate. Then he remembered how he had awkwardly asked her out and how the offer had been politely declined. It was better to not make that situation more uncomfortable. She had been kind about it but giving her a gift after would seem a bit creepy even to him.

He pulled it down off of the shelf and ran some water and a little soap. He cleaned around the edges and made sure to get in all the ornate crevices. The more he cleaned it the better it looked. He smiled. It was something pretty and decorative. His house didn't have many of those kind of things and he decided he liked the thought of it.

The screen door was open so that the dogs could wander in and out as the willed. He heard a slow step and turned to see Zoe painfully making her way inside. His heart twisted as he saw how gingerly she walked. Cancer. That's what the vet had told him. His poor little Zoe had cancer and treatment would cost thousands and in the end only help her live a few more months. The vet had been kind about it, she had said maybe in a younger dog it would have been worth it; But Zoe was already old and nearing the time he knew was coming. He clenched the teapot in his hands and tried to keep his eyes dry. This was part of the responsibility that came with owning a dog he told himself. He had decided to let her be at home and comfortable as long as he could before he needed to take her in for that final visit. He sighed heavily. He couldn't bear to think of her going through all those procedures in a scary new place for only a month or two more when she could be right here at home doing what she always did. Wander in and out and keep guard over the porch. "I wish there was something I could do for you girl."

The teapot seemed to warm in his hands and Will's attention was taken from the little dog as the teapot seemed to cool within an instant. He checked the tap; maybe he had run the water too hot without thinking? Was that bad for the china? He looked it over to see that there were no cracks and no chips on it and then nearly dropped it when a man appeared beside him. "I am afraid you will have to be more specific with your wish Master. In what way do you wish you could help her?"

Will stared at the man for a moment before dropping the teapot in the water which fell with a disgruntled '*clink*' but did not break. He took a step back and was shaking as he tried to figure out where the man had come from, why hadn't the dogs barked, and more importantly was the man *actually* here?

“What the fuck?”

Hannibal looked over his new and final Master. His eyes glanced around the house and the overall state of things. Wealth would certainly be one of his wishes once he realized the situation. This Master Hannibal would not blame. It did not appear that he was wasteful, everything was taken care of best as the young man could. Still no doubt if he had more funds he would not live in such a...quaint...place. He was intrigued that his Master’s first wish had been for a dog of all things. But most commonly first wishes were the ones that were the most interesting. They became drearily predictable after that.

He turned his attention to the small white dog that had inspired the first wish. Well...it was common that a Master or Mistress would wish for health...though generally it was for themselves or possibly a dear family member. He supposed given the state of things that this dog *was* a family member. “I will be lenient this time Master. As your wish was not specific and as this is your first wish I do not want to seem unfair. You wished that there was *something* you could do for her. You’ll have to be more specific….*what* would you like to be able to do for her?”

“Holy shit I’m going crazy.” Will stepped away from the man who had appeared in his kitchen. Neglected to remove the teapot from the water, and strode outside picking up Zoe as he did so and sitting down on the steps of his porch. He wanted a drink. He stared out into his yard his hands shaking as he stroked Zoe’s soft fur. What the *hell*? The last case hadn’t even been that bad! Why would it have been what had pushed him over? Maybe he needed longer breaks between cases? That would never happen. Jack would barely let him take the week and often not even the full one. He was supposed to be teaching too but between Jack and his cases, and the demands of the classroom he wasn’t able to do more than teach a few times a week. Was the workload too much?

“Master.”

Ignore it. Ignore it and it’ll go away. That’s what Will was telling himself. He’d sit out here for a minute and collect himself. He’d feed the dogs, and he’d go to bed early tonight. The man wasn’t really here. It wasn’t plausible. The dog’s hadn’t barked, Will hadn’t seen him come in through the front door, the back door had been locked and...more importantly...*why* would a guy in a fancy ass suit come to his house in the sticks and ask him about his dog?

“Master I understand that this might be very unusual for you but please do not ignore me. It is uncomfortable if I let a wish go ungranted too long. I would like to grant this wish in the way you intended when you asked for it but I must have more specifics.”

Well...If the illusion wasn’t going away maybe this was a chance for him to think through Zoe’s situation? Maybe this was his mind trying to help him resolve his decision? That made sense. He felt his shoulder’s relax. It’ wasn’t the cases or the workload. He was just torn about his decision about Zoe. He sighed, relieved. That’s all it was.

“Um...I know you’re not really here or anything but if I have any control over this illusion at all do you mind just calling me ‘Will’? I don’t know where this ‘Master’ stuff is coming from but it’s only making things weirder for me. And um...ah what should I call you?”

He still didn’t turn to look at the stranger who had appeared but that would be pushing it just yet.

Hannibal was not lying. A wish had been wished for while his teapot had been held and he was already feeling the strain of letting the wish go ungranted. Still...this was possibly his most interesting start to a Master yet. Disbelief was common, but usually the first wish was easy to grant and after that came belief and then the predictable greed. Also few Master’s were kind enough to ask for him to call them by name and among that same number were those who asked for his in return. He had already resolved to be kind to this Master and he was pleased with his decision.

“Very well Will...My name is Hannibal. Now perhaps you could explain to me exactly what you meant in regards to…” He leaned down close to Will and looked at the dog’s name tag. “Zoe?”

Will closed his eyes and held her close. The tears from earlier were starting to push through. His subconscious was forcing him to face this decision and he was thankful it was in the privacy of his own home. “Well she’s got cancer. I don’t really have the money for treatment and the vet said that it wouldn’t help in the long run anyways. I know she’s old. I know her time has to come sometime. I just...I just wish that she could be here and comfortable and happy for awhile longer. I want her to be able to play with the other dogs instead of watching from the porch. I want her to not be in pain, and I want for when the time to comes for her to

be here; warm and comfortable in the house and know that she is loved and that I will miss her when she's gone."

Hannibal's expression was smooth as he looked between the tears tracing down the young man's cheek and the small white dog with quite the under-bite held tenderly in his arms. He had dogs when he had ruled of course. He was kind to them and they were well taken care of. He had not felt this sort of connection to them. When their time came they were treated with respect and care and thanked for their service. There were no tears. No loving touches. Only the kind of care that a doting Master felt for a well behaved servant.

"Very well Master. Thank you for clarifying." He considered for a moment. The strain of not granting the wish eased as he absorbed this new information. He gently reached forward and stroked the small dog's head. She seemed to tense for a minute and then her eyes went wide and large happy grin split her awkward face as her tongue lolled. She struggled in Will's arms with a happy yip and then took tearing off of the porch chasing the other dogs in the yard who barked happily at her joining them.

Will's eyes were wide in disbelief as she pranced and played and jumped as though she were five years younger. The light in her eyes was bright as she excitedly took a stray tennis ball and began a lively game of 'keep away' with the other dogs.

"What the hell?" That seemed to be all he was capable of saying. For the first time since he appeared Will turned and looked at Hannibal. "What the fuck just happened?"

Hannibal decided that for his last Master this was certainly going to be entertaining. "Well...As I was trying to explain...Will...I have come to grant you three wishes. I reside inside that pot and when you hold it and wish for something I am compelled to grant it for you. Anything can be yours and there is little I can not do for you."

Will's wide blue eyes stared up into Hannibal's red ones. The sun was setting creating a halo around them. It was refreshing to see such and openly shocked expression that Hannibal could not resist a tiny bit of showmanship. He carefully knelt beside Will and took his hand from where it steadied him on the porch. Keeping their gazes locked Hannibal brushed a kiss across slightly red knuckles before him. Chapped from work, reddened from the water earlier, these were the fingers of an honest man. His eyes were those that saw much more than they

should, and his look of uncertainty spoke of a life of less rather than more. Here was an unspoiled, simple young man. And now he was Hannibal's Master.

"I have granted your first wish Will...tell me what is your second wish?" He stared into those eyes and for the first time in a long while felt a stirring of hope in his breast. Maybe. Perhaps maybe. This young man would have something to teach him after all.

"I-I don't' know...I don't really want anything…" Will turned and looked away. This had to be an illusion. Whatever just happened with Zoe that was one thing. That was enough. He didn't need or want anything else.

"Don't worry young Master….You will."

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! I will do my best to return to some of my neglected works I'm using these short stories to get the juices flowing again! Thank you!

Devil! Hannibal/Angel! Will AU

Chapter Notes

> So far so good with my new writing schedule! Hoping that these little stories will get my juices going to work on my big ones! Thank you all so much for your patience!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Why do you linger and waste your time amongst the humans?"

Will smiled as he looked into the flames. His eyes were a lit from within rather than from the fire reflecting on them. He let out a small sigh and closed his eyes. As endless as his...personal...project with Jack was there was one who hounded him just as much; though with a much different end in mind.

"Hello Hannibal." He stood and his front was faced to the flames bathing his silhouette in darkness. His curls made a halo in the warm light and the shadows that curled against the floor revealed a shape of feathers and smoke.

He turned and his blue eyes were bright, this time not from an earthly or unworldly light. This time his eyes were lit with enjoyment. "I was wondering when you would come to see me."

While Will preferred to dawn casual clothes, old jeans and a flannel, dog hair in a permanent layer. Hannibal always appeared in a fashion that was so much his own that it escaped description. Though Will liked to try. His favorite way was to describe it as 'too much money and too many patterns that looked unfairly good.' Hannibal preferred to only hear the latter part.

Hannibal steepled his fingers and looked over Will. Though the half angel was good at disguising his form he was not flawless. Most who came to call on him were mere humans. Some with gifts, others were merely fanatics. They saw an angel born of the human world desperate to save them all and bridge the gap between Heaven and Hell. Hannibal saw something entirely different and Will hardly ever bothered to alter his form.

There was little a half breed could hide from a Duke of Hell after all.

“How could I ever forget to visit my favorite...patient?” In the human world it helped to have earthly jobs and disguises. Jack might know that Will was not a true human but he kept him on as an FBI consultant all the same. He also thought it would be a good cover for Will’s ‘strangeness’ to have someone be his official or rather unofficial psychiatrist.

It amused Will endlessly that while Jack was determined to hunt down every from of evil in the world he couldn’t spot a literal devil. It helped appease him when his lack of respect became grating. It was true what they said that familiarity bred contempt. Though in Jack’s case it was the more exposure to Will’s observations and powers he had the less he revered it and the more he demanded. It was a price Will was willing to pay. Hannibal was *not*.

“I am as well as I can be Hannibal. There is a serial killer on the loose, inspired by a demon. I am an angel driven to guide Jack into capturing him. I wonder why you would even think it worth your time to check up on me outside of office hours.”

Hannibal’s hand clenched from where they rested on his knees. He shifted minutely to hide his expression of distaste. “I only wonder why you would whittle away what little time and strength you have on such a fruitless endeavor. You are a creature of not little strength yet what you have you while away on these...humans.”

Will smiled, it was soft and forgiving. He could no more hold Hannibal’s nature against him than he could Jack his. He turned back to the flames and reached his hand out. Feeling the warmth but no pain. “We all spend our time and energies in ways we think are most beneficial. Why worry yourself over the way I spend mine? I certainly don’t worry about the way you spend yours.”

He turned back again though this time he was face to face with Hannibal who was no longer perched on his chair. He allowed the Duke to tilt his chin upwards so their eyes could connect. “I worry because I hate to see effort wasted and beauty tarnished for no other reason than self sacrifice. You and I both know that there is no Father up in Heaven to welcome you home. No saintly act you could commit that would allow your breathern to overlook your blood. Yet you still toil away. You still *waste* yourself on those lesser than you. For what? Do you think if you die for these humans than Father will forgive your creation? The very fact that he *created* you always seems to slip his mind.”

Hannibal’s fingers caressed Will’s parted lips and he was not one used to denying himself so he did not deny the part of him that wanted to slip his thumb into that warm mouth and feel the tiny fangs that Will was always determined to hide behind his half smiles. “He would see you shunned. I would see you *worshiped*.”

Will allowed Hannibal the warmth of his mouth for a moment before he turned away but in doing so brushed a tender kiss to the Duke’s thumb. “I was an experiment Hannibal. And failed one. I could no more resent him for discarding me than I would wish an artist to toil over a sculpture that had no meaning. My life and energies serve no purpose besides my own. Isn’t that a glorious thing? Jack struggles so hard every day. He struggles against the weight of his job, he struggles against his wife’s looming death, he struggles against the evils of the world every day and every day he tries so hard to hold himself above them. I think his struggle is beautiful and worthy. I think the way he tries is *glorious*. I would see that his faith is rewarded. Even if Father cannot intervene perhaps I in my own small way can help ease his burdens. I will be at peace to know that when my time on this earth expires and I go where all undesirable things go, that at the least. The *very* least. I know from the core of my being; that when given a choice to do good, or evil, or nothing. I chose to do some small amount of good.”

Hannibal’s eyes glowed in the firelight his pupils slitted in his anger. “You only do good as a rebellion against those who think you can only do bad. There is no higher purpose to your work than to show that you simply *can*.”

Hannibal had traced his thumb down Will’s face and now cupped his slender jaw in his hand. Will leaned into it and as he did so pressed a small kiss to his palm.

“And isn’t *that* the biggest Fuck You? Isn’t that the largest insult I can give to Father and my siblings? They think they are so holy they can do no wrong. That every action serves a higher purpose. Here I am showing them...being kind, being *good*. Is nothing special.”

“Your pride.” Hannibal leaned down to capture Will’s lips with his own. “Will be your downfall.”

Will smiled and cupped the back of Hannibal’s skull and pulled him in for another kiss. “As they say...Pride is a deadly Sin.”

Hannibal’s own leather wings expanded in the firelight and encircled them as he pulled Will close. “Pride before the fall my love. When your time wasting on this mortal plane is over you will be *mine*.”

Will’s own feathery wings brushed along the inside of Hannibal’s as he returned the Duke’s kiss. “Then I eagerly await.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!

End Notes

Thank you for reading!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!